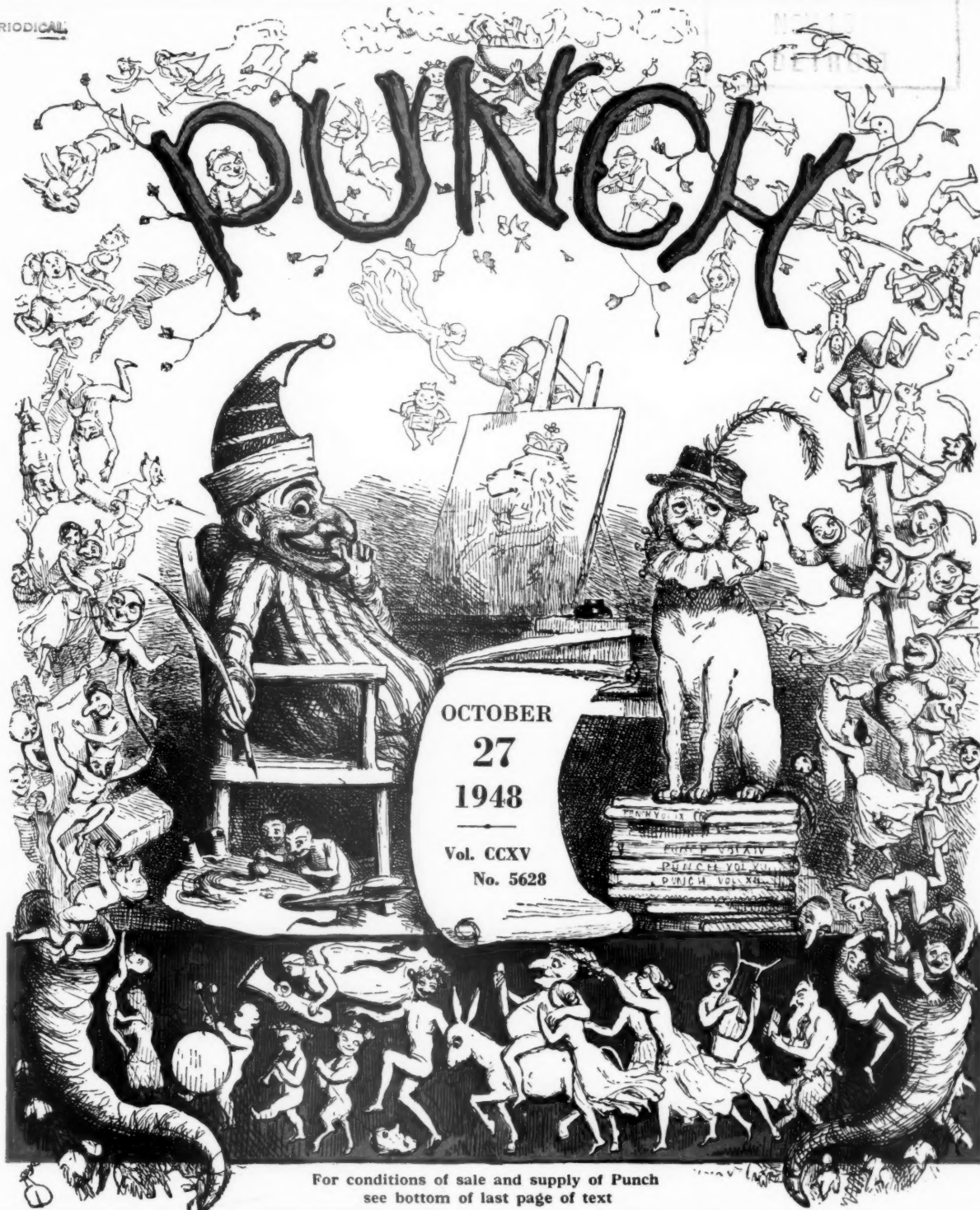


Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* Biscuits

PERIODICAL



OCTOBER
27
1948

Vol. CCXV
No. 5628

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

TO BE SURE OF PLEASURE—
say *Player's* please



BRITAIN'S NEED IS SPEED!

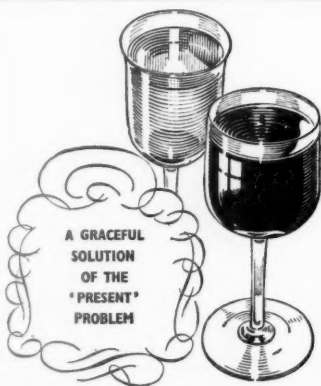


Sharps THE WORD FOR *Toffee*

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.



of Maidstone. "THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"



A GRACEFUL
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OF THE
'PRESENT'
PROBLEM

Send a Harvey's Gift Case

The faultless choice.
Harvey's world-famous
Wines packed in Cases
and delivered to your

friends in time for Christmas, provided orders are received
BEFORE DECEMBER 10th. Here are two examples.

CASE NUMBER ONE

1 bottle Golden Sherry - 20/-
1 bottle Tawny Port - 18/-

Total price (including
carriage and packing) 40/-

CASE NUMBER TWO

1 bottle "Merienda" Sherry 20/-
1 bottle "Club"
Amontillado Sherry 20/-
1 bottle Tawny Port - 18/-
Total price (including
carriage and packing) 60/-

We shall be happy to send you the full list of all our
* SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CASES, ranging in price *
from 40/- to 112/- on receipt of a postcard with your
name and address.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD

Founded 1796. Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King
5 Pipe Lane, Colston Street, Bristol, 1
London Office: 40 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1

Children keep well on **Viol**

Life nowadays makes great
demands upon school children's
strength and stamina. Virol
provides just that extra
nourishment which helps them
to stand the strain of their
daily work and play.

*

VIROL IS A CONCENTRATED FOOD prepared
from malt extract, specially refined animal fats, eggs,
sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with
added mineral salts and vitamins.



Soupy says:—



Watch for Soupy at
your local cinema

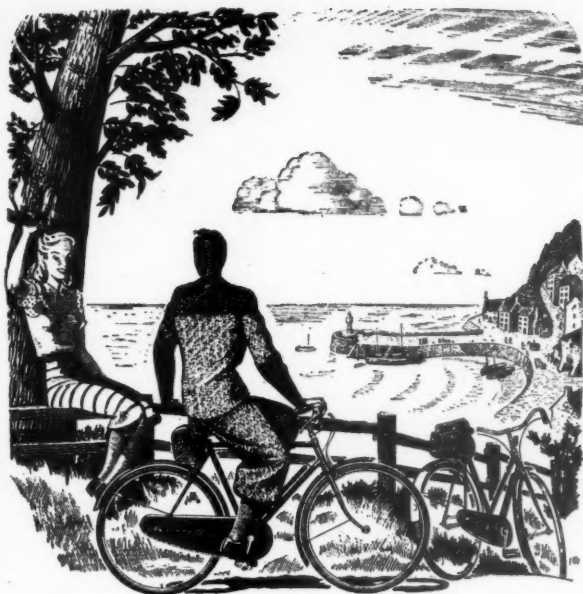
Six delicious, nourishing platefuls
from 7½d pkt. 3d pkt. serves two



**SYMINGTON'S
THICK SOUPS**

- Save money on food
- Contains body-building protein
- Supply energy-giving carbohydrates
- Wonderfully delicious — 9 varieties

W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOUROUGH



You're in the best of
company with a



Down to the sea on a Sunbeam — here is effortless pleasure! For Sunbeam craftsmen have built a machine of truly perfect balance . . . Swift and superbly finished, your Sunbeam runs with the freedom of the wind.

SUNBEAM CYCLES LIMITED • BIRMINGHAM • 11

Leading Light

OF THE SEWING CIRCLE

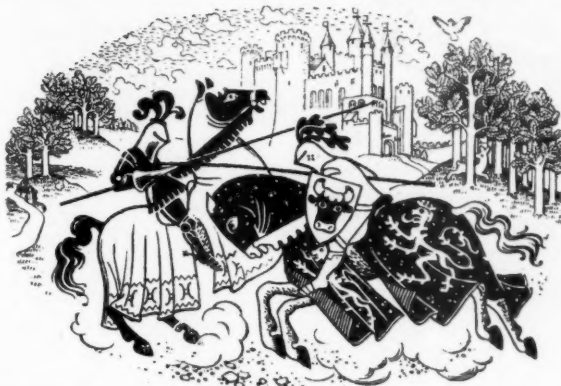
To help busy fingers . . . speed the progress of purl and plain — take the tedium from close work.

Such is the function of Anglepoise — lamp of 1001 angles. Takes any position and holds it — its clear revealing beam on the work — *not in your eyes*. Saves current, as it needs only 25 or 40 watt bulb. Anglepoise is scarce — so when you see one on sale snap it up!

THE TERRY Anglepoise Lamp

Sole makers:
HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH • London • Manchester • Birmingham

AMONG THE PRINCELY PLEASURES . . .



Pennants and plumes waving in the breeze, sunshine flashing on swift moving armour, cloth of gold and crimson and azure. Clash of lance on steel . . . and in the background the turrets and towers of Kenilworth. Thus, from the greatness of yesterday, a name for today . . . of supreme and classic quality.

Kenilworth

. . . one of the classic names in

3/7 for 20

CIGARETTES

Made with Mellow Golden Virginia Leaf
BY COPE'S OF LIVERPOOL

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

"It is scarcely necessary to add that the detail realisation shews no departure from those standards of excellence which have become proverbial throughout the world."

— The Motor

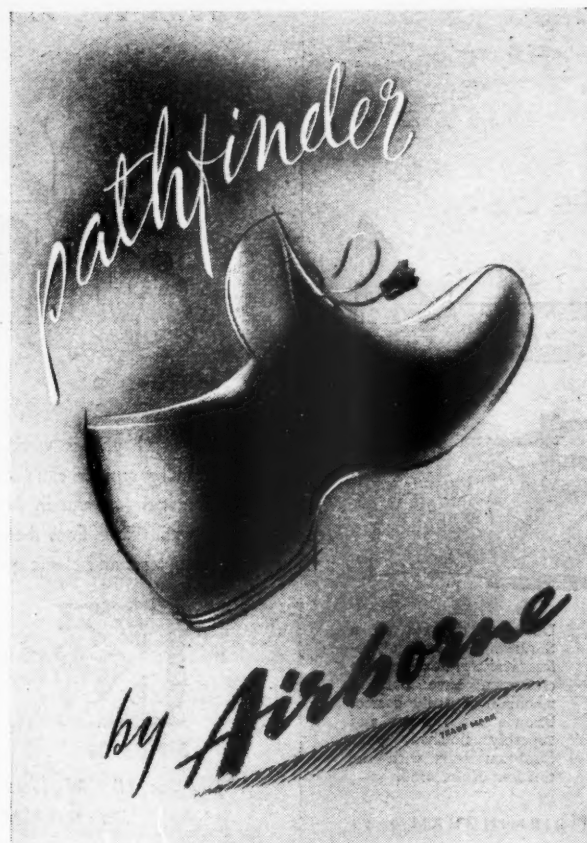
ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.



You can tell three things about Sylvia before she lowers her mirror. She has beautiful hands, owns beautiful silver, and takes good care of both. All her silver is trusted to Silvo; Silvo is gentle, considerate and kind. It coaxes away the dimness, leaving silver's own beauty to shine for itself.

SILVO
Liquid Silver Polish

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD.
FOUNDER MEMBER OF BETRO
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Available at most good shoe shops.



Raise the patient's metabolic rate and you quicken recovery

WHEN we are recovering from illness, our vitality is at a low ebb.

This is because our *metabolic rate* is depressed. (Metabolism is the chemical process in the body-cells which maintains life by the breakdown and building-up of the products of digestion.) If metabolism can be stimulated, listlessness disappears. We can take on new strength and soon "turn the corner."

Light broths and meat extracts will often do this. But scientific tests have proved Brand's Essence, which contains 10% of meat protein, outstanding in quickening metabolism. A few spoonfuls of Brand's Essence will stimulate a convalescent patient's appetite and quicken the metabolic rate so that the first step is made towards recovery. 3/- a jar.



Brand's Essence
(OF MEAT)

Two superb liqueurs from Jamaica

Made from formulae which have been closely guarded family secrets for over a hundred years.

MONTE AGUILA

Distilled from selected sugar cane and blended with various essences notably that of the famous pimento berry of Jamaica.

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Distilled from selected sugar cane and blended with various essences notably that of the famous Blue Mountain coffee of Jamaica.



Not less than 65° Proof 46/3 bottle.
Distributors: West Indian Imports Ltd.
Cliffords Inn, London E.C.4 Hol. 4229.

N°5
CHANEL
PARIS

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

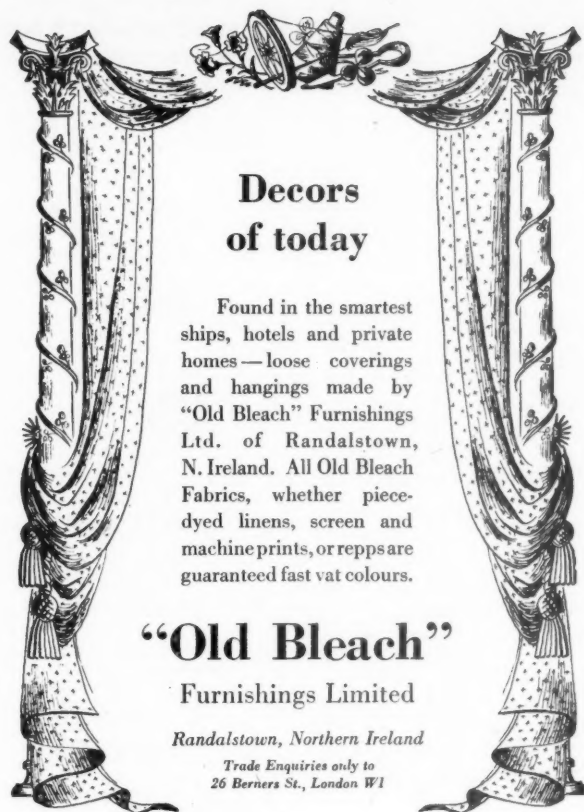
PURELY PERSONAL

A GOOD AFTER DINNER
SPEAKER always says "Have
a King Six Cigar" (1/7d. each).

THE PRESENT
WITH A TOUCH
OF THE
FUTURE

HALF
ACTUAL
SIZE

Life Long
PROPELLING PENCILS



Decors of today

Found in the smartest
ships, hotels and private
homes—loose coverings
and hangings made by
"Old Bleach" Furnishings
Ltd. of Randalstown,
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Fabrics, whether piece-
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guaranteed fast vat colours.

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Furnishings Limited
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Fine Wines from South Africa



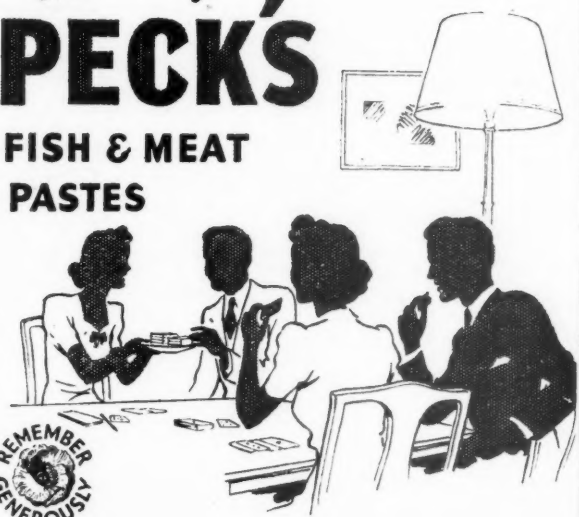
VELDT BURGUNDY
a soft, well-rounded wine


PAARL AMBER HOCK
clean, fresh and fragrant

10/6 a bottle


*"Ah, **BURGOYNE'S**
— so much the better"*

WHEN YOU'RE FEELING 'PECKISH' *think of* **PECK'S** FISH & MEAT PASTES





HARRY PECK & CO. LTD., DEVONSHIRE GROVE, LONDON, S.E.15



1455
Wars of the Roses

*How
Distinctive!*

**HORNIMAN'S
DISTINCTIVE
TEA**

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO., LTD. EST. 1826

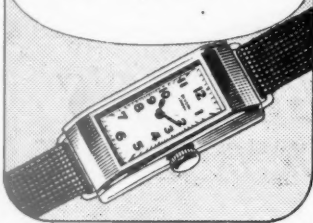


Be sure—and buy a Benson

The word 'Benson' is the mark of a good watch. It stands for reliability, accuracy and service. For a hundred years, and more, Benson owners have proved the value of watches which bear this famous name. You can prove it, too, by buying your Benson now.

Call or send for illustrations of men's or women's models in gold or stainless steel.

J. W. BENSON
(of Ludgate Hill) now at LTD.
25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1



A SPECIAL OFFER

A certain easing of supplies now makes available several types of fine wines and spirits hitherto difficult to obtain. To make certain of a balanced distribution we are combining an attractive selection of these in parcels at the special rates shown below.

Parcel No. 1

One bottle each of the following:—

	£. s. d.
BARBADOS LIGHT	
RUM	1. 16. 4
LONDON GIN	1. 11. 8
SHERRY (Produce of Spain)	1. 0. 0
WHITE BURGUNDY (Blanc Villages)	13. 0
RED BORDEAUX (Chateau Babans)	12. 6
SAUTERNES (Chateau Guiraud 1943)	17. 0

Value	6. 10. 6
Discount	4. 0
Total Cost	£6. 6. 6

Parcel No. 2

One bottle each of the following:—

	£. s. d.
FRENCH BRANDY	2. 2. 0
PORT (Produce of Portugal)	18. 0
CHAMPAGNE (Victor Clicquot 1941)	1. 3. 6
SHERRY (Produce of Spain)	1. 0. 0
COTES DU RHONE	12. 6
ANJOU BLANC	14. 6

Value	6. 10. 6
Discount	4. 0
Total Cost	£6. 6. 6

Both parcels if ordered together and packed in one case: £12. 10. 0

Total saving: 11. 0

CARRIAGE AND PACKING FREE IN EVERY CASE

MAYFAIR
8552

Lings of London
LTD

5 AVERY
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WHEN LETTERS AWAIT ATTENTION CABLES DEMAND IT

CVS-115

He's dreaming of the days when VANTELLA SHIRTS AND VAN HEUSEN COLLARS

are easy to get again

(with fadeless unshrinkable cloth with three sleeve lengths to every neckband size!)



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For Ever Yours
BOWERSBURN
Notepaper

Your writing looks its best on Bowersburn. Sold by all the best Stationers.

When you can get

NOVIO

you will find it better value than any other Toilet Paper.

Delicately cut in pure English crystal, this graceful Sherry set is destined for overseas. Like most Stuart Crystal nowadays, it goes to help our vital export trade.

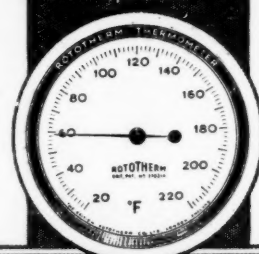


Stuart Crystal

Rototherm
THE

**ROLLS-ROYCE
OF THERMOMETERS**

DIAL
THERMOMETERS
For every Industrial
Commercial and Domestic
requirement



Rototherm

THE BRITISH ROTOTHERM Co., Ltd.
MERTON ABBEY, S.W.19. Liberty 3066.
and at 87, St. Vincent St., Glasgow, C.1.

Pitchfords

If it's a matter of how to fasten one thing to another . . .



The truth is that no data is available as to the respective merits of different holding down bolts under these conditions. But, so far as concrete and masonry are concerned, tests have proved that the G.K.N. Indented Foundation Bolt provides much greater resistance to torque and vertical stress than the old 'Lewis' or Rag Bolts. Now-a-days people responsible for fastening Machine Tools, Petrol Pumps, Stationary Engines, Lift-Guide Rails, Wall Brackets, Cinema Seats or, for that matter, anything which needs fixing to concrete or masonry, can specify the new G.K.N. bolt and go off for the weekend's fishing in the right frame of mind.

the **GKN**

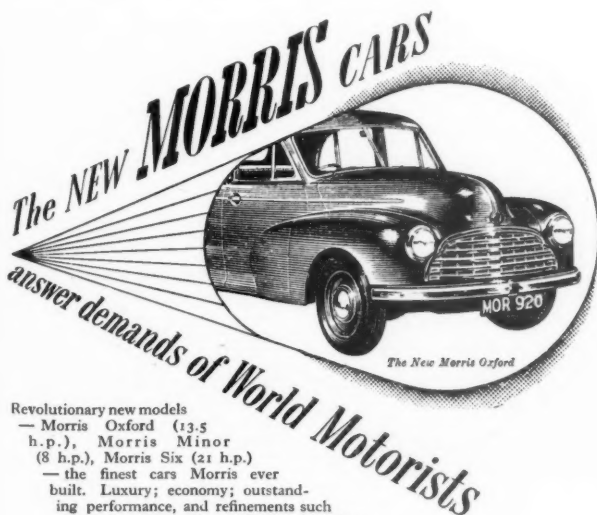
indented foundation bolt

Guest Keen & Nettlefolds (Midlands) Ltd.

Bolt & Nut Division, Darlaston, Staffs. Telephone: Darlaston 28.



The illustrations show why the bolts cannot turn or pull out. Using the right size for the job, just make a hole slightly larger than the overall diameter, insert to the required depth and fill up with cement or lead.



Revolutionary new models

- Morris Oxford (13.5 h.p.), Morris Minor (8 h.p.), Morris Six (21 h.p.)
- the finest cars Morris ever built. Luxury; economy; outstanding performance, and refinements such as independent front wheel springing, seating within wheelbase, exceptional luggage accommodation. Priority given to export orders.

Stand 163
Earls Court



The New Morris Minor

Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, W.1

**YOU CAN GO WALKING
(OR WHALING)
WITH *Nylon***

Sheer and strong for stockings, light and strong for whaling ropes — the properties of nylon yarns suit them to the most contradictory jobs. British nylon yarns supply industry at home with driving bands, canvas, filter cloths, upholstery, while British nylon stockings parade the export markets.

Nylon yarn IS strong, light, tough, hard wearing, flexible, elastic; WILL wash or clean easily; stay strong when wet; dry easily; WON'T rot; feed moths or other insects; burst into flame.

BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD., PONTYPOOL, MONMOUTHSHIRE



For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

have maintained their reputation as the best cigarettes in the world



Export Packing

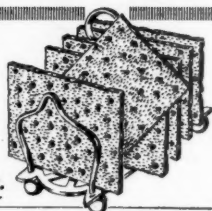
By Appointment Peck, Frean & Company Ltd.



Biscuit & Vita-Weat Crispbread Manufacturers



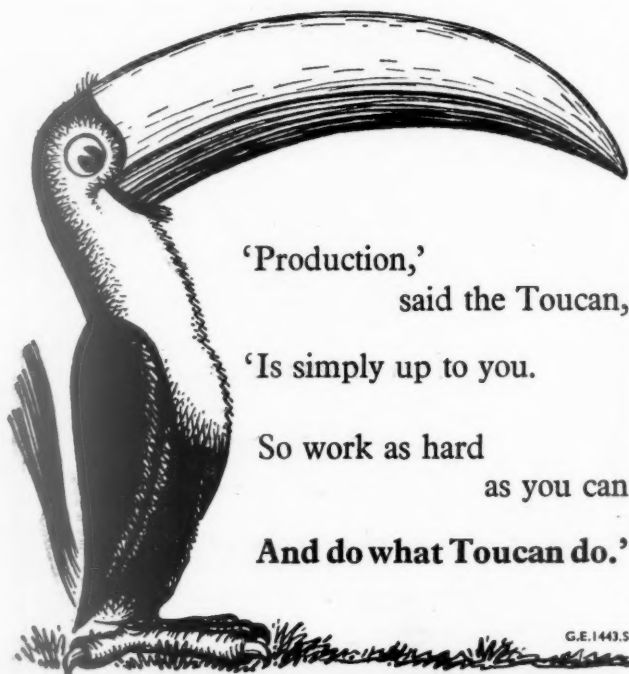
Vita-Weat is good to eat * So
crisp and nice to crunch *
Wheat in its most delic-
ious form * Try it to-day,
with lunch!



Points reduced to 2 per lb.

PECK FREAN • MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS

My Goodness



'Production,'
said the Toucan,

'Is simply up to you.

So work as hard
as you can

And do what Toucan do.'

G.E.1443.S



KAYSER BONDOR

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS



Can I smoke less tobacco?

And still enjoy 20 a day?

20 good cigarettes?

Yes! mine's a
MINOR



PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

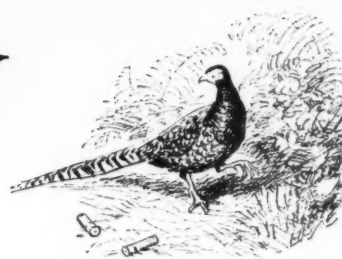
ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



RUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXV No. 5628

October 27 1948

Charivaria

A CORRESPONDENT says that in his opinion recent Russian pronouncements at the Paris conference give grounds for hope. Or is this merely Vishful Thinkinsky?

Several people have reported that when they pressed Button B in telephone kiosks to get their pennies back, half-crowns emerged. One theory is that the Government has begun to pay back conscience-money.



Getting Down To It.

"WORK WANTED

Wanted: One or Pair Fire-side Chairs."—"Gravesend and Dartford Reporter."

An American visitor to this country says more men seem to be wearing monocles these days. He wonders whether they are paying only half-price for their National Insurance stamps.

According to an evening paper there are only five real authorities on bridge in this country. Odd how often one gets one of them as a partner.

Golfers, Please Note.

"Mr. Gallannaugh: I think this thing has been stymied for such a long time that we should exert more energy, have everything cut and dried, and go for it in one fell swoop."

"The Weston Mercury and Somersetshire Herald."

Many cinema-goers like a picture packed with thrills and hardly attempt to follow the plot. A linked-up version of last year's trailers ought to be good box-office.

"The best way to enjoy an autumn holiday," remarks a writer, "is to rise at five, take a cold bath and have a long walk in the crisp early morning." We are still prepared to give careful consideration to the second best way.

"Luckiest woman in Brighton, to-day, is Mrs. Elizabeth Kibblewhite, who last week threw a dice to determine her pools selection—and won £2,398."—"Brighton Argus."

Never say die, eh?

When a Blackpool landlord advertised a flat to let, his phone did not stop ringing for two days. He now talks with a West Coast brrr.

There is no risk of poisoning through food being wrapped in newspapers, says a doctor. It would be hard to convince Mr. Bevan of this.

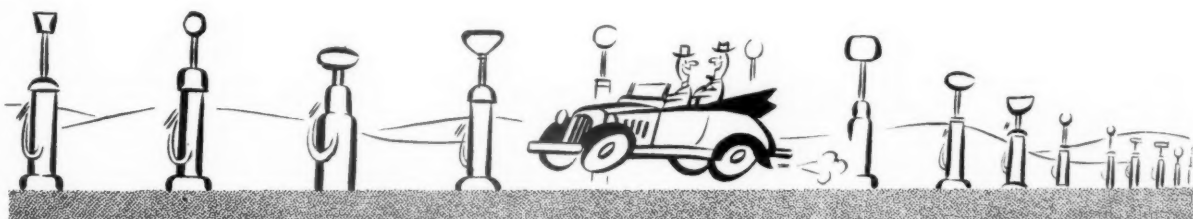
Old rhymes are regaining their popularity; for instance, Where are you going to, my pretty M.aid?

"12in. Bore Sporting Gun, hammerless, in exchange for Corona Silent Portable Typewriter in first-class condition."

"Hampstead and Highgate Express."

For clay battleship shooting?

Small British cars are becoming very popular in America because they do more miles to the gallon. It must be remembered that Americans not only have more miles than we have but more gallons.



One-Way Street

RUSSIA was a grand place for the bagman or the tourist in the good old days—I am not referring to the early twentieth or the nineteenth century when Russia was as well known as Wolverhampton, but to the more romantic ages beyond.

I suppose that we shall have no more travellers' tales from Tartary now that the Iron Curtain is shut down so fast. It is a pity. I found them great fun.

I should have liked to travel down the Volga with Jonas Hanway who went by that route to Persia and brought the umbrella home. I should have liked to travel with Marco Polo in the thirteenth century to the court of the Great Cham. And a few wersts or parasangs with Herodotus in Scythia would have been well worth while. Well-girt and strongly shod.

Travel, of course, was fairly easy in those days, though one had to take a few precautions to be really comfortable.

Hanway travelled in English cloth about two hundred years ago and he certainly upheld the dignity of England and of English trade.

"I provided myself with a convenient sleeping wagon, another for my clerk, and a third for my baggage, also a RUSSIAN menial servant, a Tartar boy and a soldier," he says, and he stood no nonsense on the way.

"The ferry-man, finding that I was a merchant, began to be insolent. These boors usually entertain a contemptible notion of their own traders, compared with military people, which they extend to merchants in general . . . The delay and impertinence to which I found myself thus exposed, necessarily called on my soldier to exercise his cane, which soon brought my antagonist to his duty."

He put his bales of stuff into cargo vessels and went aboard his own. On the whole it was a happy fleet.

"The ship was well provided with arms and ammunition, having six carriage guns of three pounders with close quarters and eight oars to command her in the stream. We had also a launch of ten tons with sixteen oars, a long boat of five tons, and a yaul, each with six oars . . . nothing happened to disturb our voyage until the 29th, when a little before sunset three large boats each of sixteen oars and full of men came out of the reeds thirty wersts below SIMBERSKIE: we immediately cleared for a defense and as soon as they were within call, bade them keep at a distance; at the same time we discharged some muskets wide of them.

"Finding them slight these menaces, we fired one of our guns loaded with partridge shot into the headmost and saw five or six men fall from their oars, who, as we afterwards learnt, died of their wounds. The rest, not liking such a salutation, retired with great precipitation into a small creek in the reeds. . . .

"We proceeded without further molestation and arrived at ASTRACHAN, where we anchored opposite to the Governor's house." Still, no doubt, singing the well-known boat-song.

Four centuries earlier, of course, the place was much more civilized. Far away into China you could go on the great roads of Kubla Khan with his post-horses and paper-money, and with any luck you might see the Khan himself going forth to hunt. He hunted with tame leopards and lynxes and lions. These pulled down the deer, and, I imagine, the yaks and the unicorns. He was attended by ten thousand falconers who carried with them "a vast number of gerfalcons, peregrine falcons and sakers, as well as many vultures in order to pursue the game along the banks of the river." He rode in a pavilion of wood handsomely carved, carried on the backs of four elephants.

"Those who are on horseback by his side, give him notice of the approach of cranes or other birds, upon which he raises the curtain of the pavilion and when he spies the game, gives direction for letting fly the gerfalcons, which seize the cranes and overpower them after a long struggle. The view of this sport, as he lies upon his couch, affords extreme satisfaction to his majesty, as well as to the officers who attend him and to the horsemen by whom he is surrounded."

That is the way to ride to lions. I wish I could feel that Stalin had his field sports so splendidly organized.

It is, perhaps, a far cry, indeed, I am sure it is a far cry from this pleasant scene to the old Greek historian who told us of the Arimaspi, the one-eyed Arimaspi who waged continual war with gold-guarding griffins and marched with goat-footed men and Hyperboreans reaching to the sea. And yet I think we can find a certain thread of continuity in all this great culture which is now being cut off from us, perhaps for ever, by the wicked men of the Kremlin.

I particularly miss the natural phenomena of these parts, noticed by such great and good men as Sir John Mandeville, who was buried at Liège in 1731.

"And there groweth a manner of fruit as though it were gourds and when they be ripe men cut them in two, and men find within a little beast in flesh, in bone, and blood, as though it were a little lamb without wool. And men eat both the fruit and the beast; and that is a great marvel. Of that fruit I have eaten, although it were wonderful."

In the edition I have before me there is a picture of one of these trees in full fruit with the lambs coming out of their sheaths, so I do not think there can be any doubt as to the truth of the tale.

Perhaps they are growing again on the steppes. EVOE.

o o

Sub-Atomic Research

I HAVE passed through the infinitesimal doors,
Not with a transit visa, but with right
To live and work on those last dim frontiers,
Freeman and citizen of Lilliput.

I have passed through the infinitesimal doors,
Seen snowflakes drifting by as huge as clouds,
And specks of dust like giant burnt-out stars,
And dewdrops rolling in like ocean-tides.

I have passed through the infinitesimal doors,
Have looked the startled atom in the eye
And seen at work his secret engineers,
The mesons that construct his nuclei.

I have passed through the infinitesimal doors,
And touched the final sub-atomic fringe,
Where all is ruled by other laws than ours
And all is very small and very strange.

I have passed through the infinitesimal doors.

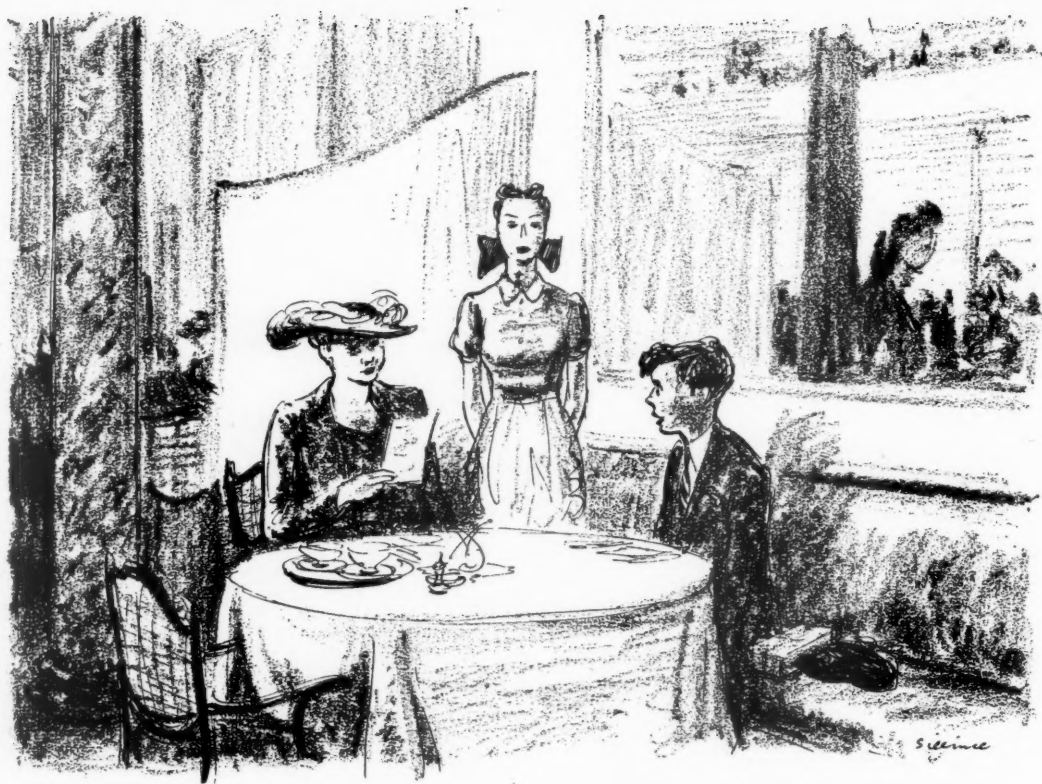
o o

"Our visiting preachers all touched the right cord and our celebrations went off with a bang."—Devon parish magazine.

What would the other cords have produced—whimpers?



THIS WEEK'S TRAILER



"I don't mind WHAT I have, Auntie—just a lot of everything."

A Discourse on the Non-Existence of Anglers

I BEGIN with the confident assertion that no one has ever yet met an angler in real life, still less heard him say he was off for a day's angling. You could ask fifty men in tweed hats what they did in their spare time, and not one of them would say "I angle." The truth is that anglers only occur in books, and even then bear only a surface resemblance to people who actually fish. The latter are called fishermen—"keen fishermen" to be exact—and occur in streams and ponds wearing old mackintoshes with torn pockets.

Nowhere is the distinction between angling and fishing better brought out than in Izaak Walton's well-known book, which many people mistakenly suppose to be about fishing. You have only to glance at a page of it to see that Walton never held a rod in his hand in his life. He is a real dyed-in-the-wool angler, if ever there was one; in fact, he admits as much in the title. . . .

"*Piscator*. Look you, Scholar, you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a Trout. I pray, put that Net under him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, Scholar: I thank you."

What sort of talk is this for the bank of a river in the cool of the morning? You may patrol the Dove or the Dee, the Tweed or the Test, from source to mouth and from March to September, and you will never hear one genuine

fisherman say to another, "Well done, Scholar: I thank you." What you *will* hear one fisherman say to another is neither here nor there; I am concerned only to point out what you will not hear, and in this latter category "Well done, Scholar," takes a high place.

Not far behind it comes *Piscator's* next utterance:

"Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite. Come Scholar, come lay down your rod and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper."

And what does *Venator* say to this? I grant you in advance that what *Venator* says is not evidence, for he is brought before us not as a fisherman, nor even an angler, but as a mere pupil or (if you prefer it) Scholar. But even a Scholar, in such circumstances, might be relied upon to take a slight smack at *Piscator*. "How the hell, Master," we should expect him to remark, "do you expect me to catch any fish if you keep telling me to lay down my rod and take up your landing-net?" What he actually says in the book is: "I am glad of that; but I have no fortune. Sure, Master, yours is a better Rod and better tackling."

We might pause to inquire here what subtle nuance is expressed by the capital "R" for Rod and the small "t" for tackling; but the inquiry would lead us into deepish

waters. Higher up on the same page, in my copy of the *Compleat Angler*, I notice that Radish, Bottle and Fish-bag are awarded capitals, whereas such important nouns as "flies" and "breakfast" hang their diminished heads in lower case. And why should *Sycamore-tree* be in italics? "Go to yonder *Sycamore-tree*, and hide your Bottle of drink under the hollow root of it." Are we to suppose that if *Venator* had hidden his Bottle under an oak or a willow, some mischance would have befallen it? I have read the sentence over to myself eleven times and I remain unconvinced that *sycamore-tree* is a happy word to stress. However, we had better press on. The reader will want to hear what *Piscator* has to say to the suggestion that his Rod and tackling are better than poor old Scholar's.

"Nay then (he says) take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, Scholar, I have another; come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another: Oh me! he has broke all . . ."

Oh me! he has broke all. Not normally a foul-mouthed man, *Piscator* loses control for a moment as he sees half a line and a good hook borne away by the giant fish. But he is soon himself again, and when *Venator*, with all a scholar's tact, points out that, besides the tackle, his friend has lost "a good Trout, too," *Piscator* reproves him with a gentle "Nay, the Trout is not lost, for pray take notice no man can lose what he never had." There's philosophy for

you. I remember making exactly the same remark to a friend who broke his rod on a snagged two-pounder some years ago, but he was no Scholar and told me, in effect, to go and hide my Bottle under a Sycamore-tree—a hopeless non-sequitur even without the italics.

We cannot pursue this quaint conversation much further, but it is worth remarking that immediately after the loss of his tackle *Piscator* is in luck again. "Look you, Scholar," he cries (having changed rods again no doubt), "I have yet another; and now, having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short Tale as we walk towards our breakfast."

"A short Tale," look you, Reader. He has told a pretty good one already if the truth were known. May I recap?

Look you, Scholar, you see I have hold of a good fish	One
Trust me, I have another bite	Two
Look you, Scholar, I have another	Three
And now I have a bite at another: Oh me!	
etc.	(still) Three
Look you, Scholar, I have yet another	Four

I make that two brace in all, not three. And I feel bound to add that this incident slightly tempers my dislike for *Piscator*. He was an angler all right, but he had the makings of a fisherman in him. H. F. E.

Domestic Notes from Paris

VERY little happens in Rue Chameau without Mme. Boulot getting to know about it. For nearly a week I managed to conceal from her the fact that I had inadvertently washed up with milk powder instead of soap-flakes. Little harm was done, because both commodities being supplied by the Naafi are more or less interchangeable but Mme. Boulot found out, and completely ruined a rather revealing conversation I was having with M. Albert about a horse we knew at Chantilly.

"The rumour runs," she said, polishing a wineglass with unusual care, "that in England one serves oneself with powdered milk for washing vessels."

I pretended to be absorbed by M. Albert's views on a flaw in the ancestry of the horse in question.

"This is bizarre," continued Mme. Boulot, oppressively. "This is truly curious. In France, one serves oneself with soap for washing vessels—even in a barbaric country where the veritable *rosbif-à-l'anglais* does not find itself."

Nemesis, I thought. Some days previously I had rashly suggested to M. Jules that the beef was a trifle underdone. As I had spoken in an undertone, the danger of recrimination never occurred to me. I ought to have remembered that there is no such thing as an undertone within a radius of ten yards of Mme. Boulot.

Not content with this venomous thrust, she drew back, as the French quaintly phrase it, the better to jump.

"Though it is perhaps impossible in Rue Chameau," she went on, "to obtain meat prepared *à l'anglais*"—the scorn in her voice was terrible to hear—"one can at least amuse oneself with courses on foot in the early morning, a sport for which the English are well known."

I knew what was coming, though I had not expected quite such abysmal tactlessness, even from Mme. Boulot, so soon after the Olympic games. The other morning I was half a minute late with the dust-bin, or *poubelle*. This is a crime not lightly forgiven by the municipal dustman, or

boueur, who expects his prey to be on the pavement exactly at the hour appointed—which for Rue Chameau is seven A.M.

I was surprised and a little pained to see a grin on M. Albert's face as Mme. Boulot proceeded with her cruel disclosure.

"It is rare," she said, "to see an Englishman running down Rue Chameau in the early morning."

My embarrassment grew as MM. Jules and Jean-Jacques joined us—drawn, despite our common front *versus* Mme. Boulot, by the prospect of my discomfiture.

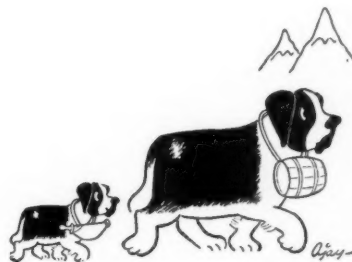
"It is more than rare," she continued pitilessly, "to see one carrying a *poubelle*, above all when it is full."

Several insensitive people actually laughed. Then came the unkindest cut; even she might have spared me this.

"To chase the *boueur* down the street at dawn," she gloated evilly, "carrying a full *poubelle*, that is fantastic enough. But to do so attired in *eau-de-nil* pyjamas and an impermeable—"

I stayed away from Mme. Boulot's for several days after this major humiliation.

It can be only a matter of hours before she discovers that I made some milk out of the soap-flakes this morning.



At the Pictures

Paiza—The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Le Diable au Corps

THE disadvantage of a film made up of six quite self-contained episodes is that one is led to decide that a particular one is the best, and to range the others in order of merit after it; which

be the hallmarks of the Italian cinema. Nobody could call the technique slick, or anything like it; there are roughnesses, and amateurishness in some of the players is often noticeable; and yet

the emotional effect, the *feeling* of the picture are immense. I find it hard to synthesize; no more than a book of short stories can it be considered as a complete work of art. The calculated disregard of the British part in the campaign—except for an odd word in the commentary and a glimpse of some kilts—is another unfortunate detail. But the film is full of wonderful stuff, and no one should miss it. So much of the dialogue is in English that it has a much better chance than most foreign films of wide distribution.

As one who wrote with enthusiasm about DANNY KAYE when his first film came over in 1944, when some other people were being snooty in print about "the new comedian," and as a Thurber fan of very much longer standing, I venture to announce that in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* (Director: NORMAN Z. McLEOD) the

have experienced it already or not—by this piece of highly-coloured nonsense. See it for Mr. KAYE's beautifully funny, perfectly-presented daydreams, marvel again at that skill in mimicry which (for instance) enables him to produce a comic English accent more convincing than that of many a Hollywood Englishman. Another point totally unconnected with Thurber, by the way, is the rather obvious but funny and well-done satire on the publishing of pulp fiction. One can enjoy that (and wish it had more scope) while regretting that the script-writers should have thought it necessary to explain *Walter's* daydreams by the fact that he was always reading such fiction . . . as if nobody who isn't ever did have daydreams.

Le Diable au Corps (Director : CLAUDE AUTANT-LARA) is the story of the love between a seventeen-year-old schoolboy and a woman older than himself whose husband is away at the front, in the other war: the year is 1918. This is not the familiar calf-love episode, such as Hollywood archly sprinkles dew over before finding a solution in a partner of more suitable age; for the woman loves the youth, there is a baby, and the end is tragic. The picture is first-rate, its atmosphere distinctive and haunting. Our censors have been at work, but not ruinously, and the acting of the lovely MICHELINE PRESLE and, particularly, of GERARD PHILIPS as the sensitive, precocious, unhappy boy, often seems brilliant.

R. M.

To Be Looked at Askance.

"'TAKE-AWAY' BUFFET SPECIALS
Chicken in Aspect. Each 6d."

Advt. in Johannesburg paper.

is not conducive to a careful judgment of the film as a whole. Perhaps another disadvantage for the famous, long-awaited Italian prizewinner *Paisà* (Director: ROBERTO ROSSELLINI) is that though the six episodes are all about the war in Italy in 1943 and 1944, the order in which they come is dictated not by any æsthetic reason but simply by chronology; an off-screen voice links them with explanation, diagrams show how each in turn climbs a little farther up the map. The first is in Sicily, and the last, a savage little story of the almost casual execution of partisans among the marshes of the Po Valley, seems quite abruptly followed by the announcement that the war in Europe ended soon afterwards. All are well done, with that emphasis on humanity and that deceptive artlessness that seem to

distress to Thurber fans is utterly outweighed by the pleasure to Kaye fans. All that is left of JAMES THURBER's story really is the title, the fact that the principal character has spectacular daydreams, and the all-purpose onomatopoeic "pocket a-pocketa"; but why trouble about that? The Thurber story is a pleasure of a different order, in no way harmed—whether you

[The Secret Life of Walter Mitty]

THE MEDUSA LOOK

Dr. Hollingshead **BORIS KARLOFF**
Walter Mitty **DANNY KAYE**

Diabolic Possession

SUSAN is a mere figment of the imagination of my youngest daughter, whom she serves as stooge, scapegoat and partner in crime; yet she aspires to rule my household. Of course I resist this ignominious servitude, for I cannot bring myself to take orders willingly from a figment of the imagination; but Susan is a formidable opponent.

For one thing, I cannot get at her. Last Saturday, for instance, when she objected to our going blackberrying, I addressed to her an eloquent appeal on political grounds: I pointed out that blackberrying was a patriotic act, agreeable to Mr. Strachey, heartening to Sir Stafford Cripps, and no doubt subject to the general approval of Mr. Attlee. I might just as well have lashed her to the wireless and turned on the Third Programme.

"Susan can hear only me," said my youngest daughter, who tends to make up the rules as she goes along. She received in reply a glare that might well have struck her dead, though in fact it did not, and hurriedly agreed to pass on the sense of my remarks to the proper quarter.

Susan was not satisfied, however. She joined the expedition, but she gave me a most troublesome afternoon. She disliked thorns and thistles; her language on the subject of nettles would not have disgraced the Security Council; she feigned illness frequently, hunger several times, and death twice, though unfortunately not for long; she accused my elder daughters of meanness and lying; and she put out her tongue at my wife—all by proxy. Then she wanted to go home.

"Let her go," I said. "I welcome the idea."

"She doesn't know the way," explained the interpreter, "and her doll's crying."

"Then she can trace her way home by the noise. I've often done it."

"Well, Susan's doll's father doesn't like Susan to go by herself."

"What's it got to do with him? You tell Susan to tell her doll to tell her father from me he's an interfering old wart-hog!"

The venom of this attack startled my youngest daughter into trying appeasement. She pointed out that she did not want an ice at that moment and was therefore a reformed character.

"Does Susan want an ice?" There was shocked surprise in her creator's denial. "And what about that wretched parasite, Susan's doll's father?"



DAVID
S. GORDON

"What's the use of coming in and asking to speak to me confidentially, if you then proceed to sit on my set of push buttons?"

The more I thought about this gentleman the more richly I loathed him. But he had had enough; he reared his ugly head no more that day. Even Susan's doll avoided my presence for a time. Susan, however, was more persistent.

"What the dickens is wrong with her now?" I asked after another complaint.

"Her brains itch," replied my youngest daughter. "They're swollen."

"Heaven help her then!" I ejaculated. Her condition sounded so critical that I was shocked into sympathy. "Get her to bed at once and cover her brains right over."

This final attempt to suppress her was another failure. My youngest daughter explained that Susan would

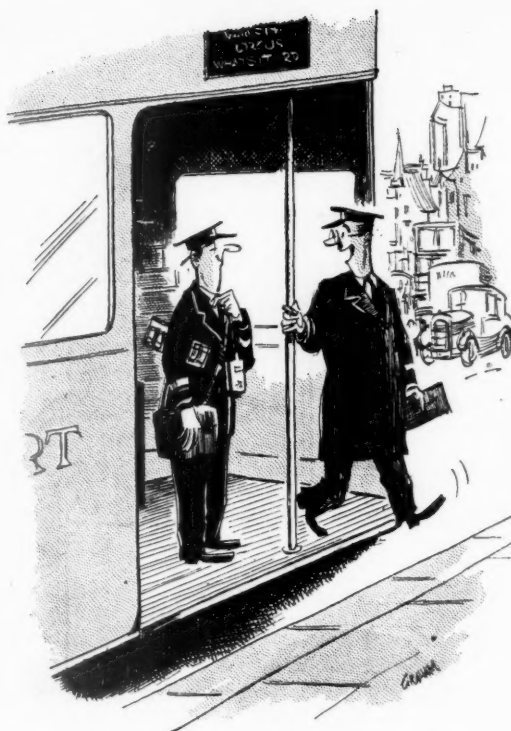
have to leave her head out to sleep with. Even that seemed all right; a sleeping Susan was no more of a menace than a suffocated one. But it soon appeared that Susan, in addition to her other ills, suffered from chronic insomnia.

So now I want to know how one administers chloroform (preferably imaginary) to a figment of the imagination. Can anyone help?

o o

"SERVICE WITH CIVILITY AND CURTSEY."

Notice outside Manchester's butcher's shop. Never mind the frills—have you got any offal?



"That's fine, Gilmour, fine—a very happy bus."

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre deals with National Character, a subject which should give plenty of exercise to my scientific and literary bents. If purists and pundits write in to complain that you cannot exercise a bent, will they please see that their letters are fully stamped. B. Smith, whom I co-opted to confirm my main thesis, adds a short Minority Report at the end.

As anyone who has tried to teach a Welshman the bagpipes will know, National Character is a stubborn and unaccommodating fact in modern life. Those who attribute its origin to climate forget that there are large numbers of nationalities but only comparatively few kinds of climate, and it is straining coincidence too far to believe that both using blow-pipes and keening are due to rain. Another origin, current among a school of philologists called "Wisteria College," is that it is all due to speaking different languages: a nation with a really active subjunctive will take a thrawn, well-disciplined view of life, whereas a people who have only nouns, and those in the nominative, will be happy and carefree and settle by lagoons. The theory that National Character is invented by travellers to make their books more interesting will appeal only to those who believe that any theory with a racket in it must be true.

One difference between National Character and Individual Character is that such perversions as a morbid anxiety to be put upon are never found among nations. Another difference is that you can always explain away the defects of children by pointing out the peculiarities of their parents; but on the national scale there is no easy, fool-proof solution like the possessive mother, and a psychologist who tried to work her into an explanation of why

New Zealanders are more for Rugger and Australians more for cricket would have a truly adamant row to hoe. The great difference from the point of view of the writer is that almost anything he says about National Character sounds convincing, and this is not true of remarks about one's friends, which tend to be scouted like billy-ho by other friends. Take, for example, the hackneyed fact that in France *Merci* means "No, thank you," and in England "Thank you" means "Yes, please." This difference can be explained in all sorts of ways.

Way 1. The French, being spiritual, thank the asker for his trouble; the English, being materialist, thank the giver for his food.

Way 2. The French are a concise-minded people, who were thoroughly conquered by the Romans, whereas the English are more luxuriant and hazy, and weren't.

Way 3. The French started first and the English, owing to prickliness caused by living on an island, did it the other way round, as with the rule of the road.

Way 4. The English started first and the French, owing to suspiciousness caused by their having a land-frontier with passes in it, refused to follow their lead.

Way 5. The whole thing is a legend. In the Real France the word *Merci* is used only when speaking to animals or children. It has been completely ousted by "No-sirree."

Let us now make a survey of the inestimable store of National Characteristics. Nigerians wear bowler hats and Englishmen go bare-headed. The Austrians waltz, the Argentines tango and the Polovtsians dance Polovtsian dances, frequently from *Prince Igor*. Pigtales, once worn by Chinamen, schoolgirls and sailors, are now worn only by people acting Chinamen, schoolgirls and sailors. People who ride in rickshaws make delicate and attractive kickshaws.

One way in which nations differ sharply is in the treatment of women. In countries whose technical development is such that it is not necessary to rely on their amateurish efforts for comfort, they get emancipated and even, as in New York, put on pedestals, but more primitive peoples still have to use them for cooking, pounding things in mortars and the transport of the young. Opera-loving nations get them to sing in operas a good deal. There was one nation that sternly refused to fit into any category and perhaps it was convenient that it died out before anthropologists got round to classifying nations; this was the Amazons, who lived in South Russia but got a river named after them in South America. Probably, like the Norse, they went about a good deal in boats before the invention of writing brought in log-books. These Amazons were a kind of Early Suffragette who, apparently having won through to emancipation, continued the campaign by organizing themselves into a regular army. They were a heroic lot and the B.B.C. ought to commission Mr. Arthur Marshall to do a Feature about them. I am not sure whether Ovid ran up against any Amazons or whether he spent his exile on the wrong side of the Black Sea, but no doubt both sides would have had much to teach the other. I could write more on this theme, a pleasant condition for any journalist to find himself in, but I must leave a little space for B. Smith, under an obligation to whom for turning a deaf ear to a grammatical solecism being what I am.

MINORITY REPORT BY B. SMITH

The maximum size of minorities appears to be forty-nine per cent. though the average is lower. A minority of under half per cent. is often regarded by careless observers as merely a few of the majority who have not bred true. Minorities are interested in proportional representation, preserving their national language and attracting tourists.



"Oh, no, there's nothing in bricklaying."

Their songs tend, naturally enough, to be in a minor key. Some countries consist entirely of minorities, the full quota of one hundred per cent. being attained without any overall, still less two-thirds, majority. Such countries have a good deal of history and their current affairs keep many experts in comfort. No proprietary rights are claimed in the conclusions of this report.

The Devonshire Collection

SUCH information as can be gleaned from the archives about the history of the Devonshire Collection of pictures—founded by Sir William Cavendish, and enriched by the Burlington Collection in the eighteenth century—is lucidly set forth in the catalogue of fifty-five works from Chatsworth at present assembled at Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street, to mark the centenary of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Let me only say here that these carefully chosen masterpieces represent perhaps a tenth of the collection of paintings, that few of them have been previously seen in loan exhibitions, and all are happily in a remarkable state of preservation.

Faced with an anthology culled from the English, French, Dutch, Flemish and Italian Schools extending over nearly four centuries from a Flemish Primitive to our own Thomas Lawrence, the most the critic can do is to take the place of his host and lead the guests to a few prized heirlooms in the quarter of an hour before dinner. Over there, facing you in the first-floor room and catching your eye because it is the only drawing here (every line, you will notice, pricked for transference to a wall of old Whitehall Palace), is Holbein's superbly detailed cartoon of Henry VII and Henry VIII, the left-hand figures of a pyramidal design. Next to it, Rembrandt's sombre "Rabbi," the head and hands wonderfully and mysteriously illumined, reveals the mature master of chiaroscuro at the age of twenty-nine; while, on the right again, Claude's mythological composition matches his contemporary Poussin's "Holy Family" on the opposite wall. Come closer to the Poussin (which needs the

lightest sponging to restore its radiance) and observe how exquisitely the limbs of the children are modelled, and how skilfully also the red robe of the Virgin is echoed in the note of colour which relieves the blues and greens of the distance.

What remains? Far too much, alas, to study in a brief tour; but when you have gazed your full at Memling's Donne triptych—panels as perfectly limned as any you will find in Bruges—and moved along the walls and centuries to admire the swagger of Hals, the consummate poses of Van Dyck, and the lustrous grace of Reynolds' portraits of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, linger before Boltraffio's portrait of a young poet. What is the secret of this perfect expression of the Italian Renaissance that brings tears to the eyes? The grave head is firmly yet ever so sensitively modelled, the olive-green tunic wonderfully harmonizes with the bronze-coloured sleeve—but that is not all. Study this panel more intently, and observe how the curve of the Botticellian tresses—which fall like spun gold on to the shoulder—is followed down the lapel and elliptically round the sitter's right arm.

Little space remains to consider the long succession of European lithographs printed during the past hundred and fifty years, with which the Victoria and Albert Museum nobly commemorates Senefelder's invention in 1798. The unrivalled variety of effects obtainable with this medium is illustrated in an exhibition covering the entire lithographic field from the early nineteenth century "Polyautographs"—mostly pen-and-ink drawings done on the stone—to the delicate lithotints of the 'forties, followed by opaque Victorian chromo-lithographs and (in the intervals of unhappy lapses) by the Impressionists' prints, and the notable revival of lithographic book-illustration in our day. Freedman, Bawden, Ardizzone, and Lynton Lamb, who are largely responsible for the quickened interest in lithography, worthily maintain their place in a great tradition.

N. A. D. W.



"Furthermore, we must face up to the unpleasant fact that as we've had no strikes we must have been grossly overpaying our workers."

Cruft Hunters : Olympia

THE thing that strikes you right away about a championship show is that the dogs are only half of it, the other half being people. What more admirably give-and-take arrangement could you want? The people look at the dogs, and the dogs look at the people. As well they might; for though the crowd at the first post-war Cruft's (now sponsored by the Kennel Club) was thoroughly bonhomous it seemed drawn from every corner of the barking world and its only common denominator was the dog. As a field for practical research into the belief that owners grow to resemble their pets this show is unrivalled, and any lingering doubt about the validity of the theory quickly faded. On the evidence of Olympia I would say the small dog has most power to mould his master. Human Sealyhams abounded, and in the corner of the tea-bar we flushed as fine a brace of two-legged Norwich Terriers as you could wish to see; but, given time, the big fellows can do it too, as was shown by the care with which the owner of one two-ton animal kept on his hat in a courteous determination to make things easy for the judges. Particular dogs, we noted, drew particular types of spectator, many of the spaniel connoisseurs, for instance, having obviously had their fowling-pieces wrested from them in the cloak-room.

There was much less noise than I expected. The terriers had most to

say, the heavyweights least. If you can imagine ants swarming on a bagatelle board you will get an idea of how things must have looked from the roof, for down the middle of the hall

others owners, equally laid out after the exhaustions of rehearsal.

I was exchanging the time of day with a handsome Samoyed (the lovely white dogs that polar explorers write



were the judging rings, while down its sides, densely packed, were the benches. These aren't really benches, but rows of metal bins over the top of which only the larger dogs can converse with one another comfortably. They are the dressing-rooms where the stars wait patiently to take the stage. Not all contained dogs, however. Picnic-hampers were laid out in some, in

home to deplore having eaten) when Mr. Punch's Artist seized my arm. There, in a ring beside us, the competitors had been reduced to three. Drama was written on their owners' faces, for in a moment noughts might be added to the value of their dogs. The crowd held its breath, the judge screwed his monocle still farther into his eye, and at last, when we could bear the tension no longer, he pointed to the winner. Immediately friends rushed to congratulate the blushing owner. They thumped her on the back, they kissed her on both cheeks; but while this was all very fine, what seemed odd to us in our simplicity was that nobody took any notice of the winner himself. Toby, who had come along with us as Technical Consultant, remarked bitterly that he wasn't in the least surprised.

Ring technique takes one back very pleasantly to children's dancing classes. In the opening movement all the exhibits are led in an anxious circle round and round the judge while he feverishly memorizes their points and numbers—the latter printed large on cards thrust rakishly into owners' hats and jackets. Where the dog is built for speed this stately measure is hotted up into a gruelling marathon which tests the stamina of the fittest human. Fairly soon the judge gets giddy, and after the dogs have been led up



and down one by one he takes them individually in a sort of viva; but the examinee isn't allowed just to stand there anyhow, for his owner holds up his head on the leash and pushes and heaves him into something as near a Madame Tussaud's attitude as possible. With the smaller fry this is simple, with Bloodhounds and St. Bernards hydraulic jacks would be a help. Non-stop valeting of beards and kiss-curls goes on up to the last moment, and balls of paper held at begging level produce the same effect of glazed alertness as a photographer's "Smile, please!" What I suppose Stephen Potter would call Craftsman'ship is practised shamelessly by the more intelligent breeds, who rattle the judges by sniffing loudly at their boots and then quickly ram home this advantage with endearing overtures. Even C. B. Cochran sifting the front row of a super-chorus has nothing, however, on these impartial and single-minded men and women.

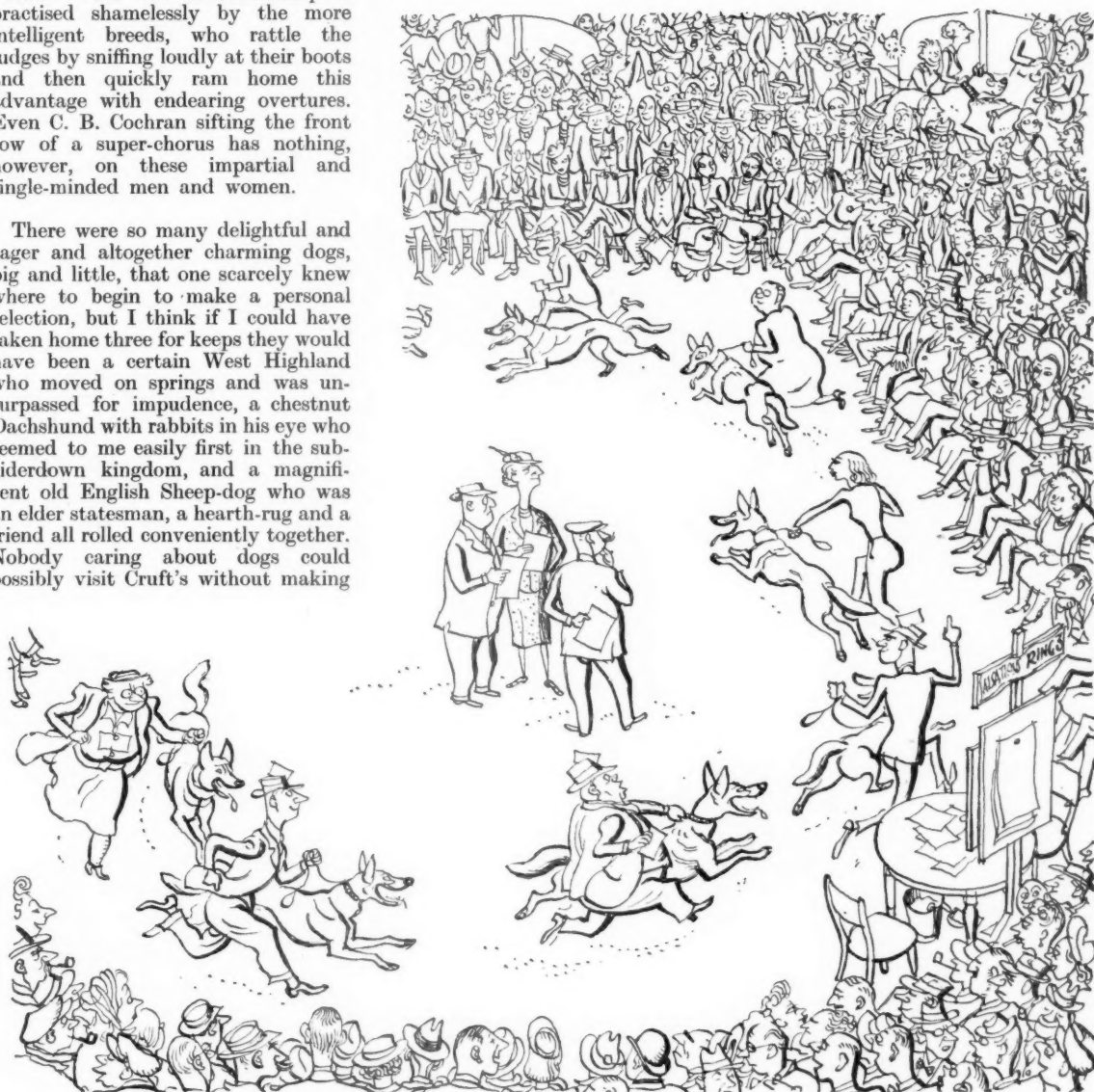
There were so many delightful and eager and altogether charming dogs, big and little, that one scarcely knew where to begin to make a personal selection, but I think if I could have taken home three for keeps they would have been a certain West Highland who moved on springs and was unsurpassed for impudence, a chestnut Dachshund with rabbits in his eye who seemed to me easily first in the sub-eiderdown kingdom, and a magnificent old English Sheep-dog who was an elder statesman, a hearth-rug and a friend all rolled conveniently together. Nobody caring about dogs could possibly visit Cruft's without making

off with a few in his mind. Toby was disappointed at there being no class for Dogs wearing Hats with Feathers, or even for Champion Sitters on Volumes of *Punch*—a pastime he has indulged in patiently for over a hundred years. Mr. P.'s A. held it was high time the Lurcher, about the best sportsman in the country and one that has bred true for generations, was included. I myself was sad because the Truffle Dog of Wiltshire and Dorset, high-souled colleague of the little pigs of Perigord, appears to be dying out.

And we all agreed that the streamlining of terriers' heads had gone beyond a joke, and, thinking nostalgically of Parson Jack Russell, wondered whether ladies or dogs suffered more from the whims of the tyrants of fashion.

Toby was also worried by a constantly recurring misprint in the programme, stating that a silver-plated bon-bon dish would be the prize for the best dog. A bone-bone dish, he said, would be a very nice thing to have, given something to put in it.

ERIC.





"Misses the bus practically every morning, 'e does."

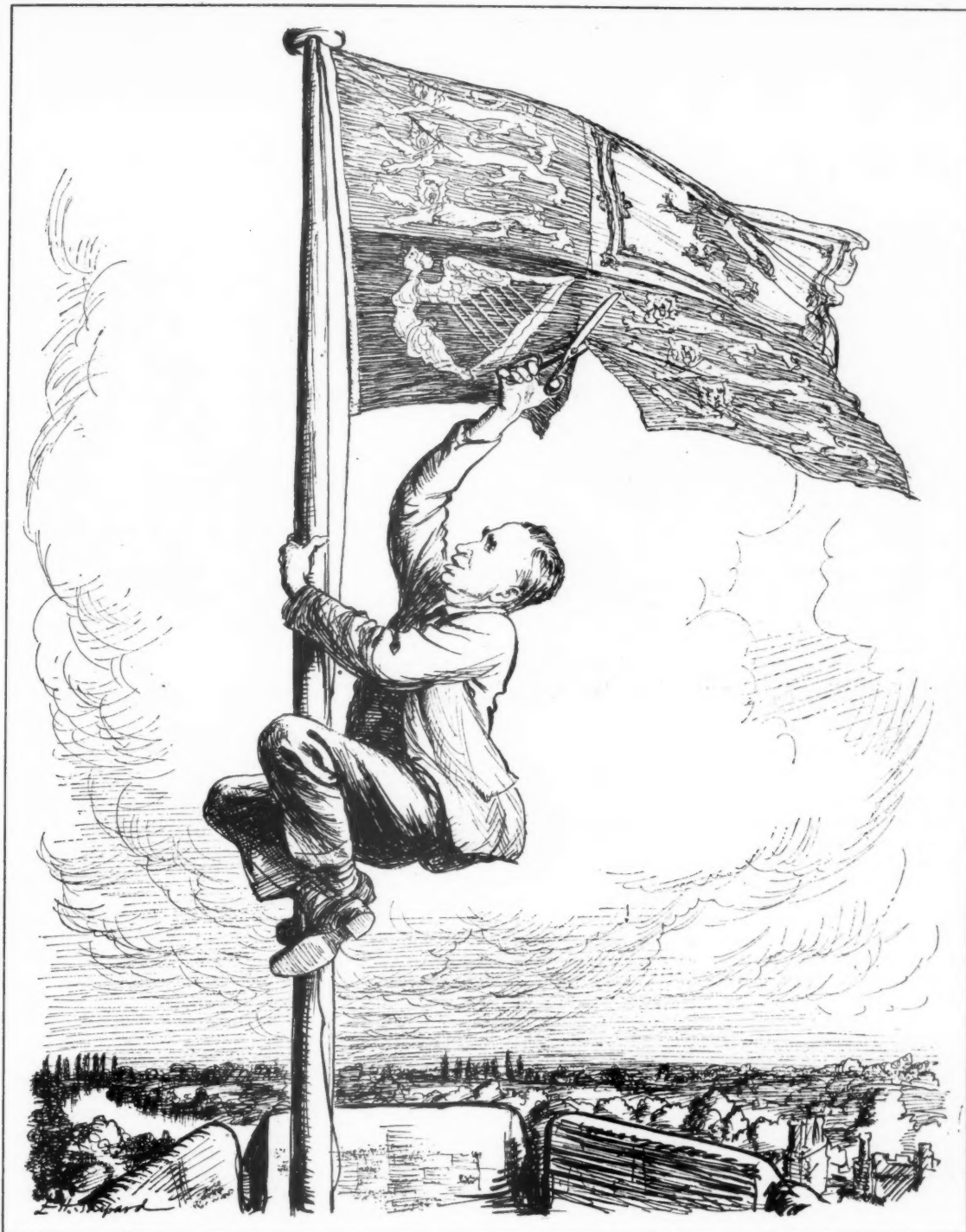
Twelve-Bore

I COULD manage a fighting teal
before the war,
Or a brace of grouse on the wheel
before the war;
I could go like a high-powered rocket
Up the purple side of Ben Brocket
With a couple of hares in my pocket
before the war.

There were always plenty of partridges
before the war;
One could face the price of cartridges
before the war.
They hired a platoon of peasants
To beat out the 'cock and pheasants'
On the big-shoot days at the Besants'
before the war.

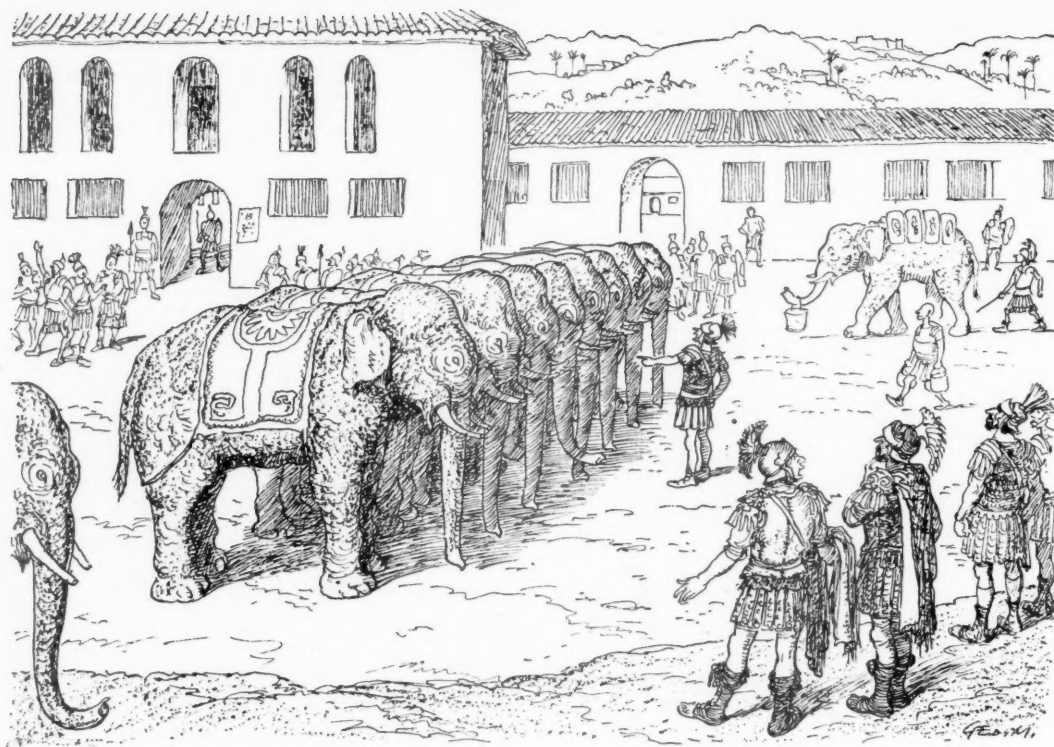
I was rather proud of my boots
before the war;
They didn't soak through in roots
before the war.
I wasn't a Marathon-winner,
But I was much younger and thinner
And I didn't drop off at dinner
before the war.

My eyesight wasn't so poor
before the war;
My feet didn't get so sore
before the war.
I didn't mind what I wore,
I was asked out shooting more
And I wasn't a damned old bore
before the war.



MR. COSTELLO THE CUTTER

"I'm going to take it back to Tara's halls."



"Personally, I prefer to regard them as an insurance against war rather than as instruments of aggression."

To My Visitors

I HOPE all those friends to whom I have mentioned the country house that the bank has so kindly bought for me will now consider themselves invited to call on me there at any time. It is quite easy to find: climb the village high street until, on the left, your admiring attention is seized by a long, low building of centuries-mellowed stone, flanked by flower-beds of great brilliance and fronted by impeccable lawns. Pause for a moment to enjoy this gracious spectacle, then turn your back on it. My house is exactly opposite.

The proportions of my house are roughly those of a lift-shaft at one of London's shallower Underground stations. It is really only half a house, but you may disregard the other half, which looks exactly like it except that it is distinguished, at any rate in one sense, by having the words DAY AND NIGHT TAXIS painted on the wall above its ground-floor bow-window.

It has two front doors. I mention this at once, not only because I like to

regard it as a characterful feature, but because visitors may wonder which bell to ring, the one above street-level or the one below. Beyond saying, in passing, that to ring either would be useless, the internal wires having been converted to wireless aeries by my predecessor, I can lay down no firm rule, as it is pretty certain that whichever door you choose, my partner or I will answer the other one, and you must not be alarmed if, in response to your knock, and while you are still noting with interest the amount of paint that will flake off a really old door at a single blow, a voice from the region either of your boots or your hat, according to the door you have chosen, shouts "*This way!*" This should be the sign for you to duck before taking another step. The builders of this eighteenth-century skyscraper made some miscalculation about the number of floors they could comfortably get into it, and put in at least one too many, and all our visitors so far, whether entering by the basement

dining-room or the ground-floor passage, have found themselves wedged like pit-props in the middle of their opening sentence, and in spite of assurances that a downward slope of about one in twelve towards the back of the house makes it quite safe to stand upright as they get farther in, have never really recovered from the experience, spending the remainder of their stay creeping about in simian attitudes with one hand on the top of their heads.

An advantage of coming in by the lower front door is that you get a glance at the sunken garden. Slightly below street-level, and a convenient depository for used bus-tickets, this is a strip of builder's sand with, here and there, a piece of lead-piping or an old gas-bracket poking through to the sun; under the basement window is a rather fine old outhouse sink, standing on end, and above this pleasaunce is a low brick wall with people sitting on it, waiting for the bus and keeping the light out of the basement dining-room.

If you are interested in village gossip or the rural character you may be tempted to pause and listen to what is said, but there is no need to hang about in the cold: you can hear every word perfectly from inside the house, and any subject of local interest not fully grasped in this way can be further studied by listening to the conversation of the people next door, who are not of course driving day and night taxis all day and all night.

The superb acoustic properties of my house are, as a matter of fact, rather puzzling to me. When I asked the village handyman, Mr. Maggy, as indirectly as possible, how it was that the installation of a larder air-brick and the transfer of a built-in cupboard from the second floor to the first had dissipated my advance payment to him of eighteen pounds, he told me that the air-brick had meant the penetration of a sixteen-inch wall, and he held forth mumblingly about the skilled labour involved. I was not entirely convinced, but then Mr. Maggy is not highly articulate and may not have made his points very cleverly: once when I asked him the meaning of the word "flaunchings," one of many mysteries in a surveyor's report of remorseless pessimism, he replied, "Ar, them'd be your flaunchings what he means," and, sensing, perhaps, that I was not altogether satisfied, added to clinch matters, "What we call flaunchings."

Talking of walls—you may be surprised to find that the ground floor of my house is not quite what I described to you. My plan for a long, sweeping drawing-room, soft-lighted, deep-carpeted, running from the front of the house to the back, with one or two of the better county families dotted com-

fortably about nibbling salted almonds, remains at present unrealized; this is because the removal of an internal wall, necessary before there is room for anything much except the salted almonds, presents Mr. Maggy with some deep problem which I have come to think of as "the Joyce affair." I raise the question afresh whenever Mr. Maggy and his band of highly-paid assistants descend upon the house. (The chief assistant is a rubicund Sancho Panza who holds Mr. Maggy's spirit-level and eulogizes the master's every driven nail with adoring cries. "Ar, that be right home!" he exclaims, first examining the nail-head closely and then stepping back a few paces to get the mellowing effect of perspective. I can well believe that an assistant of this kind is worth any number of pounds of mine, and (lest I should have appeared slighting) the wielding of Mr. Maggy's spirit-level is no minor matter; the instrument is one intended for checking the level of entire buildings and is as long as a man; to use it on a small telephone-shelf in the angle of my narrow hall is a very specialized business, and involves going halfway up the first-floor stairs.) As I say, when I raise the matter of the wall Mr. Maggy comes and looks at it and presses on it and thumps it and squints up it and down it and says "It's the Joyce, see?" and his chief assistant shakes his head and says "What about the Joyce, eh, Mr. Maggy?" And they both go away thoughtfully and spend three or four hours putting up tiles behind the kitchen sink. I can't make out whether they've got this Joyce and don't want her, or want her and can't get her, but I shall be relieved when they come to

some sort of settlement and I can have my long, sweeping drawing-room instead of two small, peeling cells full of up-turned easy-chairs and parcels of carpet.

But those of you familiar with companion-ways on Thames pleasure-steamers will have no difficulty in descending the stairs to our basement, where I am living at present, pending the settlement of the Joyce affair. It is dark down there, and the risk of getting wedged is increased by the presence of exposed gas and water pipes running in croquet-hoop formations up the walls and across the ceilings, but it is a relief to get away from the heat and glare of an English autumn, and the open fireplace is, I know you will agree, attractive.

We are looking forward to getting a fire going in the open fireplace soon to dry out some of the damp; at present, despite the strong air current occasioned by the fact that Mr. Maggy's serving-hatch still lacks the glass, and the back door is a half-inch too broad for its frame, even a fire with smokeless fuel produces enough smoke to obscure a small destroyer. However, Mr. Maggy says that if I can let him have another twenty pounds he can put that right. And the Mid-Sussex Water Board recommend that if I want to run my shaving-water and fill a kettle at the same time I tear out all the old piping and put in new (they tell me my elbows are rusty)—so by the time you come down things may be quite cosy. One or two inconveniences are bound to remain, I know, like the business of not knowing which door to come in by; but I think that after you've spent a little time in my house it will seem quite unimportant to you which one you leave by. J. B. B.

I Purchased a Book.

I PURCHASED a book about
Edible Fungi
(Min. of Ag. Bulletin number
two three)
With pictures of bad ones
And pictures of good ones,
With details of field ones
And warnings on wood ones,
And ones you can fry
And ones you must stew,
Psalliota Campestris
(That's Mushrooms to you)
And Blewits, called Blewits
Because they are blue.
To avoid any mishap
I studied the Death Cap,
I noted its gills
(Decurrent or free),

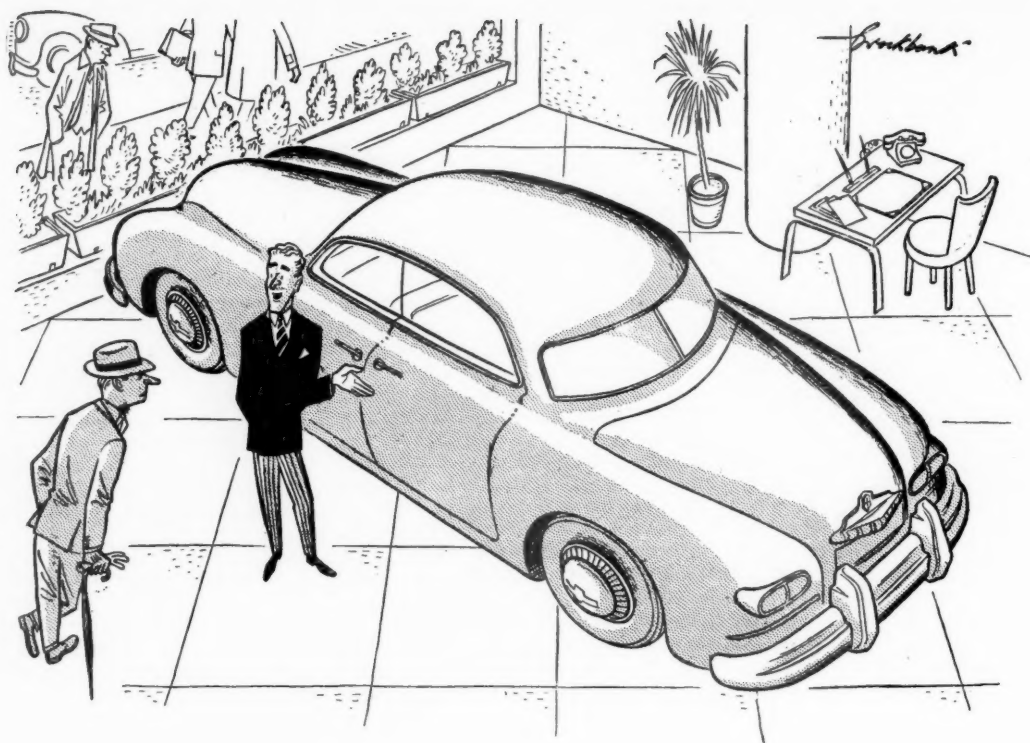
Its veil and its volva,
Its number of spores,
Its texture, its scent
And its olivish hue.
The study of Edible Fungi was child's-
play to me.

I indited an Ode to Edible Fungi,
They smelt so superb sizzling there in
the pot,
Sliced succulent puffballs
And gold Chanterelle
Boletus Edulis
And common Morel.
I broiled them in milk
And I fried them in fat
With a soupçon of this
And a soupçon of that,

With a stir and a prod
And a look and a pat,
Oh, I knew the right genus
For every gill-fungus.
It is perfectly easy
To know which is what,
You can make no mistake
Once you know what you're at.
They are all of them really remarkably
easy to spot.

I published my Ode to Edible Fungi.
Miserable dictu! I only ate half.
They have taken my Ode to Edible
Fungi
And made a reprint
As my
Epitaph!

P. ff.



"Or alternatively, sir, four reverse and one forward."

A Little Talk on Poetry

(This script of a radio talk recently given by Mr. Langham Plaice, the well-known poet and critic, is reprinted by kind permission of the Directors of the Fourth Programme.)

ANNOUNCER. This is the Fourth Programme. We have in the studio this evening Mr. Langham Plaice, to give a talk in the series, "The Study of a Couplet." Mr. Plaice.

Mr. Plaice. The two lines of poetry which are the subject of my talk this evening will no doubt be well known to many of you. In fact most of us have grown up with them, and over the years we have accepted them with perhaps the same over-ready and uncritical pleasure that is evoked by the sight of what Charles Lamb calls "the old familiar faces." To quote Horace, "*Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume, Labuntur anni,*" and to quote Baudelaire, "*J'aime le souvenir de ces époques nues.*" Straparola says much the same thing in *Piacevoli Notti*.

Before going any further I would like you to hear the couplet we are discussing this evening. And as you listen to it I would like you to try to put aside any previous associations it may have for you, any personal or private connotations. That is, try to listen to it as an *a posteriori* rather than as an *a priori* experience.

Here it is.

Reader. I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

Mr. Plaice. I think we'll have that once more—a little more slowly this time.

Reader. I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

Mr. Plaice. Now, I can do no more in this short time than indicate briefly the main points that should be understood before the couplet can be fully appreciated.

It will of course be realized from the outset that the poet owed a considerable debt to Descartes. We can imagine what a deep impression it must have made on the poet's mind when he came across the French philosopher's *Discourse on Method* (1637), and found formulated there the principle which was to seize his powerful imagination with such momentous effect: *Je pense, donc je suis*. That was the principle with which Descartes confronted him. *Je pense, donc je suis*—a rough translation might be, "I think, therefore I am."

"I think"—that was what the poet seized upon.

Reader. I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

Mr. Plaice. Let us hear now how the poet has assimilated this experience with the other experiences that he draws on in this couplet—which I shall come to later. But let us note that it is an unconscious rather than a conscious integration. That is, a full integration with the whole man; such an integration as distinguishes true poetry from the hasty and superficial serving-up of ill-digested or

vicarious experience which all too frequently passes for poetry to-day. Listen to what I mean.

Reader. I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

Mr. Plaice. The next important point to consider is the double recurrence of the personal pronoun—"I think that I"—in conjunction with the verb "see." Here we have two factors to take into account: the assertion of the ego, and its extension in the act of seeing.

Reader. I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

Mr. Plaice. Now cast your minds to T. S. Eliot's *Triumphal March*. I need hardly point out the link: but in *Triumphal March* you will of course recall the line, "The natural wakeful life of our ego is a perceiving." Let us have that again.

Reader. The natural wakeful life of our ego is a perceiving.

Mr. Plaice. There you have the same thing—the assertion of the ego, and its extension in sight or perception. It is not clear, from internal evidence alone, which poem was written first. But that need not worry us here. The important thing is that the similarity of the two ideas says much for the validity of Carl Jung's theory of the collective unconscious and racial memory.

Let us turn now to the quality of the poet's imagery. It is of course a *visual* imagery. He says, "I think that I shall never see a poem." Not, "I think that I shall never hear a poem," etcetera. Now this is interesting, and gives us considerable insight into the workings of the poet's mind. It was obviously the visual aspect of poetry that appealed to our poet most forcibly; the arrangement of the lines on the page, the size and design of the type, the amount of space round it, and so on. For, mark you, he could have used the word "hear" instead of "see" without sacrificing any of the force of the comparison with the tree. For trees, as we all know, are frequently more audible than they are visible, when the wind rustles their branches.

Unless of course the poet was referring to a shoe-tree. This is a possibility, but on the whole it is unlikely that he

would have described a shoe-tree as "lovely." He would surely have taken the opportunity of choosing some more striking epithet in that case—for example, "A poem *useful*—or *shapely*—as a tree"—any number come to the mind.

This brings me to a further point. Because we must now ask ourselves what prompted our poet to compare a poem with a tree in the first place. What strange imaginings, what transcendental experiences, what secret glimpses of unknown territory inspired him? What forces were at work? What power made him the mouthpiece of this authoritative yet at the same time diffident pronouncement?

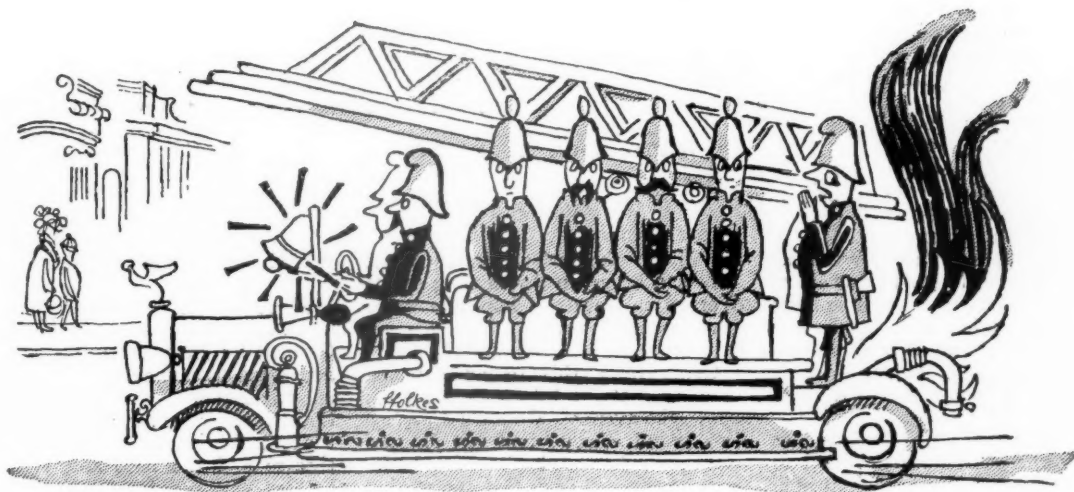
That we shall never know. We can only say, with Chuang Tsu, "It is unknowable."

Finally, I must comment on something you will have noticed already about this poem. I mean the striking opposition of positive and negative elements.

Firstly, we get the strong positive—and one might say optimistic—assertion of "I think." Then we get "I shall never see," by contrast negative, depressed, nihilistic. Without grasping the significance of this opposition we cannot fully appreciate the poet's power. For he evokes, he suggests, far more than he makes explicit. Here, in the bold juxtaposition of the positive and negative, is the metaphysical core of the whole couplet. It takes little effort on the part of the reader to realize the parallel oppositions of north and south, good and evil, light and darkness, Oromazes and Ahrimanes. In fact the poet's implicit reference to Oromazes and Ahrimanes, of Persian mythology, opens up a fascinating path that we cannot now explore, and would lead us into the whole vast complexity of Zoroastrianism. Nor have I time to analyse the poet's prosody—except to note in passing the admirable facility with which he varies his iambs and trochees, and his masterly handling of the rhyme.

One last word to my listeners, and I would ask you to bear it always in mind, because it is a golden rule for the true appreciation of poetry—a rule which has guided my talk to-night. It is this: Never be put off a poem just because, on a first reading, it appears to be comprehensible.

Good night.



"We're on fire!"

LADY Cicely Waynflete is one of the nicest and most lovable characters in the whole of SHAW. She is not one of his beautifully made automata for the delivery of well-timed verbal bombs—such shattering bombs as “Are there any charwomen in the Atlas Mountains?”—but a live and attractive woman whose absurdity is so nearly absolute that it takes us to the verge of absolute sanity. What G. K. Chesterton called her “bottomless beatitude” is irresistible; the bigger the ruffian the kinder she thinks his face. And the wonderful thing about her is that this childish optimism works. She proves the wisdom of her foolishness by dominating a set of hard-bitten men whom she brings to heel with the methods of a tactful nannie. The part was hand-made by SHAW for Ellen Terry, and it fits Miss FLORA ROBSON well enough.

The play itself, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, is still fresh, and Mr. JOHN COUNSELL's lively production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, makes us wish this rattling comedy could be played more often. SHAW is not bothering here with any greater moral than that revenge is too silly to be worth while. He was captivated by the ease with which Cunninghame Graham got himself kidnapped in Morocco, and decided the adventure would make a good basis for a light comedy, as indeed it does. You remember the plot? A young English sailor, turned pirate off Africa, is consumed with bitterness at the harsh treatment of his mother by an English judge. When the judge turns up and hires him as escort the *Captain* seizes his chance to hand him over to a scimitared sheikh; and this pious ambition at last encompassed, everything is undone by *Lady Cicely*, who persuades the *Captain* of the folly of vengeance and irons out with her bubbling charm all subsequent difficulties, including his devotion to herself. The *Captain's* new humility in the scene in which he and *Lady Cicely* part is affecting, but lest its pathos should infect us with melancholy there is her perfectly antiseptic curtain line:

At the Play

Captain Brassbound's Conversion (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)
Marriage and The Bear (ARTS)—*Lute Song* (WINTER GARDEN)

“How glorious! How glorious! And what an escape!”

Miss ROBSON handles all this robust nonsense delightfully, Mr. RICHARD LEECH plays both phases of the *Captain* with manly sincerity, Mr. GEORGE WRAY gives the judge an unmistakably hanging manner, and as *Drinkwater*, over whose Cockney phonetics G. B. S. spread himself so

are bound to do from time to time, but he is hustled and jostled along towards it first by the Rabelaisian *Fyokla* and then by his whirlwind friend *Kotchkaryov*, who having just been married himself hates to see another escape. Five suitors turn up at once to take stock of the bashful maiden, and when at last, through *Kotchkaryov's* cunning, our hero is left, nothing could be better than the scenes in which Mr. GORING and Miss JOYCE HERON stutter and gibber on a cloverleaf sofa; and nothing could be more satisfactory than the end, when with marriage closing in horribly the Civil Servant takes an Olympic jump through the window to freedom. Miss LUCIE MANNHEIM's ripe *Fyokla*, Mr. STANLEY VAN BEER's eager *Kotchkaryov* and Mr. CHARLES LLOYD PACK's naval simpleton catch GOGOL's spirit and are in the right places.

This classic soufflé is preceded by one of the neatest theatrical hors-d'œuvres in the book, TCHEKHOV's *The Bear*. Miss MANNHEIM plays the sighing widow, bored into pious devotion to a monster's memory, and Mr. GORING the rip-roaring farmer who, coming to collect a debt, behaves with such blustering ungallantry that the widow challenges him to a duel and finishes in his arms. It is a beautifully turned little piece and they play it well. They rag a little more than TCHEKHOV probably intended, but he can take it.

There is little to be said about *Lute Song*, a Chinese musical at the Winter Garden, by Messrs. SIDNEY HOWARD and WILL IRWIN, except that in spite of production by Mr. ALBERT DE COURVILLE it is very dull. It lacks the telling simplicity of genuine Chinese theatre and the pace and vigour of better American importations. The feebleness of the story would matter less if its bogus pathos were punctuated by a little wit. *Lute Song*, in short, is not recommended. ERIC.



[*Captain Brassbound's Conversion*]

BUTTONS FOR THE BANDIT

Captain Brassbound MR. RICHARD LEECH
Lady Cicely Waynflete MISS FLORA ROBSON

happily in the script, Mr. MALCOLM RUSSELL brings in a rich tang of the Worterleoo Rowd. I hope the whole party comes to town.

Going from this to an amusing double bill at the Arts made it a week above the average. GOGOL's *Marriage* is a grand comedy and Mr. MARIUS GORING gets good fun from the part of the shy Civil Servant wooing the merchant's daughter through a match-maker. When the curtain rises poor *Podkolyossin* has his feet in hot water, and, until it finally comes down,

When the Cock's Away

WELL, there have been some goings on and no mistake. Talk about excitement! It started some time ago when the cock on the village steeple began to lean and carried the cardinal points with it. In some quarters there was a sense of alarm and the view of Mr. Crick, the sexton, was sought. He is an old sour-apple who muttered to the effect that the contrivance was made of copper and would not break off, and in any case the church's insurance included passers-by.

Gradually the lean became more pronounced and there were those eager to show how the lines of direction were askew, what with North pointing like an A.A. gun and the incidence of South striking the earth in the vicinity of Manning's bone-boiler.

A firm of steeple-jacks had been approached when the lean was first observed. Its representative came down and examined the steeple through a glass. He said that the job would be attended to as quickly as possible, but we should have to exercise a little patience as the firm already had more work in than it could manage. Since the war the demand for steeple-jacks was going up.

A period went by and then two men arrived with a number of ladders which they began to lash to the steeple. We all turned out to watch. Housewives left their windows half-cleaned, the Cottage Loaf tap emptied, and Mrs. Dibber scrambled her husband into his wheel-chair. Nothing so interesting had been known since young Patience Potts got her head fast in the conservancy railings and the firemen had to be sent for with hacksaws.

The men worked three days and removed the entire copperwork from the top. It was taken away on a lorry. Those who had estimated its size from the ground were as much as yards out either way. The men did not return for weeks, but they left the ladders up the steeple.

And it was during the mid-morning break on the day following their departure that Miss Dace, the school-mistress, happened to glance up the steeple. She saw Willie Pickvance abreast of the clock, about a yard beneath Albert Crumminstall. Two or three other boys were between them and the ground.

Miss Dace hurried to the foot of the ladders and exhorted the climbers to descend. Perhaps moved by the

thought that they were less culpable, the lower boys did as bidden. But Willie and Albert were hopelessly committed and they stayed where they were.

Miss Dace had practically exhausted herself when the mothers of the two arrived. Mrs. Crumminstall, whose son was on top, was heard to say that her boy was always being led by that Willie Pickvance. Mrs. Pickvance, the gamekeeper's wife, arrived with a bowl of hare soup, which she held aloft in the manner of a propitiation, and tried to lure Willie down with that.

The aroma did not reach Willie but it excited the spectators. Someone asked Mrs. Pickvance for the recipe and she eagerly obliged, holding up two fingers like the V-sign for the number of onions and making elegant pinching motions when she reached the condiments.

It was here that Mr. Crick arrived at the instance of Miss Dace. He was carrying on fearfully, urging that the task was not in his terms and conditions. He screeched to the boys that if they were not down by the time he brought his gun he would take a pot at them.

The children are intimidated by him and, although Willie remained staunch, Albert weakened. In desperation he tried to come down past Willie. This

was breath-taking and it caused even Mr. Crick to emerge from where he had been concealing himself.

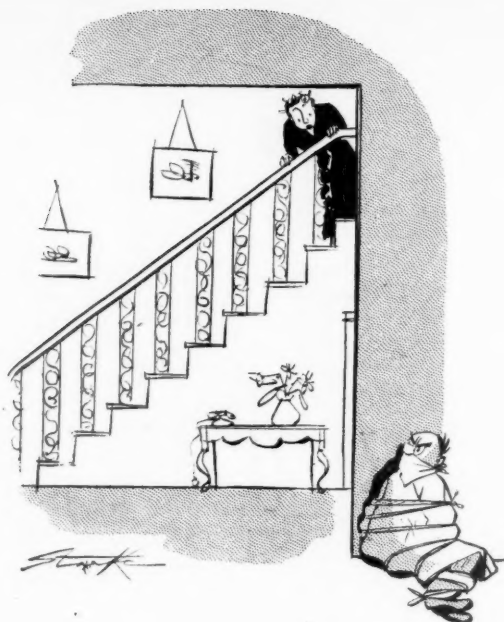
Fortunately, it occurred to Willie that by now there could be no doubt in the village that he was the tougher of the two. He began to descend. Mrs. Crumminstall clutched her son to her when the boys reached the ground. For her part, Mrs. Pickvance set down the soup and chased Willie all over the graveyard, catching him and giving him what-for beside the snapped column erected long ago to Squire Obbis, one of a family of centenarians who succumbed at eighty-nine.

And now there is controversy among the village boys, pivoting on which was the doughtier, Willie or Albert. At the time Willie was the hero, but the boys reckoned without Albert, who, for one so young, has a sound grasp of propaganda. He did nothing but persistently stress that he was first up and last down. He left it at that. As time went by his method insidiously began to work. First up and last down Albert implanted, and gathered adherents. Already the boys are in two camps. It does seem that before long it will be Willie who weakened. As for Albert, it may be that he will not always remain in the village. If he keeps on as he is and chooses the right vocation he should go far.



"Wotcher, Gany!"

"Hiya, Merc!"



"Was it someone, darling?"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Nelson

It is a great relief to read a biography of Nelson which is written by a sailor instead of by over-excitable landscapers, friendly or hostile. During the war Admiral Sir W. M. JAMES lived for over a year in Nelson's cabin in the *Victory*, and it was then that he formed the desire to write this book, *The Durable Monument: Horatio Nelson* (LONGMANS, 15/-). Discarding most of the melodramatic accretions to the Nelson legend, Admiral JAMES reconstructs his life with a rare blend of sympathy and common sense. He disposes, for example, of the notion that Nelson was very delicate, almost an invalid, adducing the post-mortem report which revealed that at forty-seven he was an exceptionally well-preserved man. He deals calmly and conclusively with Bernard Shaw's famous attack on Nelson in the preface to *John Bull's Other Island*, demonstrating that Nelson was a very careful tactician, had formidable opponents to contend with, and did not expose himself out of theatricality to needless risks. He does not at all minimize Nelson's conduct at Naples, but he emphasizes that he was suffering from the head wound at Aboukir Bay and in the first flush of his passion for Lady Hamilton. He admits that on occasion Nelson was childishly, flamboyantly vain, but shows that in general he was both amiable and dignified. Finally, he makes the great actions really vivid and comprehensible to the lay reader, above all Trafalgar, his account of which is both technically and humanly very fine indeed. H. K.

How Ibsen's Wheels Went Round.

In striving after a laboratory exactness of analysis the modern school of criticism tends to lose track of the human mysteries which separate great literature from the triumphs of chemistry and physics. It is not so much that it ignores the man as that it seeks to relate every detail of his work

to every detail of his life and character; and it would seem to suggest that the appreciation of the flavour of some supreme dish is nothing unless you can write on the back of the menu a complete list of the ingredients and a chart of the chef's emotions through all the phases of concoction. At the same time it can show interesting results, and although Mr. P. F. D. TENNANT may be said to have taken a screwdriver and a slide-rule to *Henrik Ibsen's Dramatic Technique* (BOWES AND BOWES, 12/6), his expert use of the method is revealing. He thinks that Ibsen, who in prosperity collected decorations like a magnet and walked in a frock-coat and top-hat ten paces in front of his wife, never threw off the effects of an unhappy childhood, which drew him continually to plots of family tangles; and he traces the influence of the erudite Duke George of Saxe-Meiningen in the development of the meticulous realism which made Ibsen in his revision of *Little Eyolf* alter the description of Allmer's features from "reflective" to "thoughtful." But this realism, says Mr. TENNANT, and rightly, was only used to create an illusion of everyday life by an author who was essentially a romantic and a symbolist using social problems as a peg for art, who left posterity heavily in his debt not as a thinker (for the morals of his plays are often contradictory) but as a dramatist who broke successfully with tradition. E. O. D. K.

Landscapes with Figures

By an increasingly obvious reversal of nineteenth-century trends, the pathetic fallacy which credited nature with human emotion is being replaced by the literary relegation of man to the position of rocks and stones and trees. Such human beings as appear in Mr. WILLIAM SANSOM'S *South* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 9/6) are precisely such adjuncts to the scenery of Corsica, Italy and Southern France as a landscape-painter might concede to his customers' preference for the customary. Here you have "Aspects and Images" of the Mediterranean littoral, portrayed by means of a vocabulary rich in pictorial but poor in mellifluous resources. Ajaccio produces a robin-stalking engineer; the Tyrrhenian coast a fisherman with a harpoon; Monte Carlo an unsuccessful gambler; Milan—as Milan would—a crowd; Naples a befooled English tourist. But none of them is so memorable as Mr. SANSOM'S still life. Such action as he depicts seems to have been petrified by the painting into attitude. Much of his description and reverie is, however, most enjoyable. The Neapolitan slum in "Street Song"; the chromium car's command of the Corsican hill village in "Pastorale"; the Pateresque embellishment of a passage from the *Odyssey* in "Poseidon's Daughter," read like anthology-pieces from a diary kept with a well-justified eye on some such appreciative fate. H. P. E.

Sir James Grigg

Sir JAMES GRIGG begins his *Prejudice and Judgment* (CAPE, 16/-) as an autobiography; but after two chapters, which give an interesting account of his progress from an elementary school to a first-class clerkship at the Treasury and of his war service at Salonika, he devotes the rest of the book to his political impressions and memories. As Principal Private Secretary to five Chancellors of the Exchequer he was able to examine the chief politicians of the age at close quarters, and later, as Secretary of State for War, also passed the chief generals under review. One feels that with his shrewdness and naturally rather combative temperament Sir JAMES GRIGG could in talk express himself with great point about many of these eminent figures. In print the unremitting discretion which his responsible positions have imposed upon him has to some

extent blunted his verdicts. They are none the less of great value both for their penetration and their wide range. Among the politicians the author's most unqualified admiration goes to Lloyd George—"He was the consummate and fearless man of action and I have no expectation of ever looking on his like again." Mr. Churchill does not lag far behind Lloyd George, and indeed, when Sir JAMES GRIGG compares him with Michelangelo and Leonardo, the scale almost tilts in his favour. Coming to the generals, the author places Lord Alanbrooke next to Mr. Churchill among the Englishmen who won the war, and ranks Lord Montgomery with Wellington and Marlborough as a fighting general.

H. K.

Bayreuth and Berchtesgaden

The life and work of Richard Wagner have been the centre of blasts and counterblasts of criticism and partisanship unequalled even in the world of music; and when one finds a book with the resounding title *The Royal Family of Bayreuth* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 15/-) and sees that its author is Friedelind Wagner, daughter of the great Richard's only son Siegfried, one inclines to expect a valuable and authoritative guide to the assessment of Wagner's music in German culture, and the importance of the famous Festspielhaus performances. But although the "Royal Family" is there it is in eclipse, overshadowed by the personality of one of its youngest members, the author—a rebellious young woman who has written an autobiography at the surely too early age of twenty-seven. However, there emerges a fascinating study of the dreadful events that rent Germany in twain between 1934 and 1938, exiling many of her greatest artists, consigning others to the concentration-camp and, perhaps worst of all, condemning the remnant to a life of forced obedience to an illusionary Nazi culture; all this as seen through the eyes of one who had been an intimate friend of Hitler from the age of six. Fanatical devotion and antipathy seem to flourish in the Wagner circle; even Winifred, Siegfried's English wife, supported Hitler's ruthless progress to power with the blind and passionate devotion that confirmed Wagnerites give to their hero's music, although it was clear to the younger eyes of Friedelind that he and his gang would destroy everything that the Siegfrieds of this world hold dear. If the relentless progress of science permits, it will be enjoyable to read Miss WAGNER's real autobiography in 1975; it should be a record of courage, which is a rarer quality now than it was in her grandfather's day. J. D.

Dressing Up

Costume as an art has much in common with acting. The idea—apart from usefulness, which goes for comparatively little—is to express oneself and make an impression. That, says Dr. WILLETT CUNNINGTON, is why solitaries have no costume to speak of. (Robinson Crusoe's coat of old nanny-goat was presumably a utility garment.) *The Art of English Costume* (COLLINS, 16/-) is critically explored in its historic, psychological, moral and æsthetic implications by a collector of English period-pieces whose collection has just been bought by the City of Manchester. His book is dedicated, by permission, to that discerning connoisseur Queen Mary. Perhaps the feminine minority whose interest in their clothes is intelligent—and the feminine majority whose preoccupation is less discerning—will not only read this expert and entertaining book but set about, as the writer recommends, making the best of their own "line"—a feat which will cut out the factories and provide skilled individual employment for their own

fingers or other people's. The only noticeable gap in Dr. CUNNINGTON's delightful text and admirable illustrations is their lack of interest in the most traditional of English garments, the cottager's. By "a democratic extension . . . in reverse" he notes a "middle-class" penchant for corduroy, but fails to see the parallel possibilities of sprigged prints, shawls and sun-bonnets.

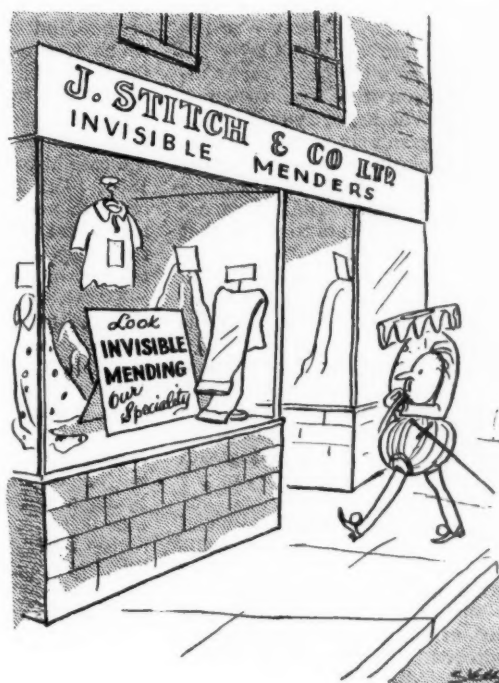
H. P. E.

Life in the Raw

Miss VICKI BAUM's latest novel, *Headless Angel* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6), begins very well. There is something to whet the reader's appetite in the picture of an old lady sitting by her own tombstone and noting that Clarinda, Countess Drieson, who died in March 1800, was "eternally mourned by her inconsolable husband." The early chapters too, in which we meet Goethe, presented as a most benign old gentleman, will have interest for those who can bear to hear a modern novelist's words put into the mouth of a real and illustrious person. The plot is undoubtedly exciting, and it thickens as we follow the heroine's adventures in Mexico with her swashbuckling lover and the rough but tender man from Louisiana. Yet this is the stuff that films are made of, and will only satisfy those who like their reading to be stark and lush and are not yet wearied of brothel-keepers who have hearts of gold and the most delicate perceptions. Much hard work and historical research must have gone to the making of the book, but among the characters the bad are too good and the good too bad to be convincing.

R. E. B.

Round the Years with Lady Addle (METHUEN, 6/-) continues, mainly from the pages of *Punch*, the recollections and reflections of this remarkable noblewoman. Miss MARY DUNN has included some half-dozen photographs well in keeping with the spirit of the text.



The Canvas Palace



Original design for a canvas exhibition hall for the 1951 Festival

SIX years after the Second World War Britain is to celebrate her recovery and rehabilitation, or whatever there is of them by 1951, with a great festival. The occasion will be used to celebrate the centenary of the Great Exhibition of 1851 and anything else worth celebrating. Six years after the First World War the celebrations were at Wembley. In 1908, six years after the Boer War, London put on the Franco-British Exhibition. Whether the exhibition of 1851 was or wasn't six years after anything particularly calamitous—other than Peel's first proposal to repeal the Corn Laws—is immaterial: there are quite enough precedents to prove that six years are enough, that it is right and proper to hold the next big British exhibition in 1951—one whole year, it so happens, before Marshall Aid is scheduled to end.

This is to be no ordinary exhibition. The year 1951 will be "a year, above all, of gaiety, festivity," Mr. Gerald Barry, director-general of the Festival, has told us, "of the fun and games which the bitter circumstances of the last few years have denied us . . . 1951 should be a year of fun, fantasy and colour, a year in which we can, while soberly surveying our great past and our promising future, for once let ourselves go, and in which the myth that we take our pleasures sadly will finally be disproved." On the appointed day forty-eight million British faces will

be expected to break into a big smile, and the noise of cracking jaw-bones and straining flesh will be expected to echo at least once round the world. There is even some talk—loose, no doubt—of doubling the sweets-ration for the entire opening week.

It is too early yet to forecast the volume and quality of the opposition which the proposals will arouse. So far the jibes and protests have been remarkably few, but there is plenty of time. The sceptics and Jeremiahs, we may presume, are already reading up the case-histories of the exhibitions of 1851, 1862, 1886, 1908 and 1924* in order to miss none of the stock arguments and terms of abuse. My guess is that they will stick finally to the line taken over the 1851 exhibition.

The Great Exhibition was of course the pioneer of modern exhibitions. It began with a suggestion made by the Prince Consort at a meeting of the Society of Arts and evoked an immediate storm of indignation and rage. From the House of Lords Prince Albert was told that he was getting too big for his German boots. Lord Brougham declared that Hyde Park was being sacrificed to give foreign rogues a holiday at Britain's expense. Clergymen predicted that the hand of the Almighty would certainly smite so presumptuous an enterprise. In the

House of Commons Colonel Charles de Laet Waldo Sibthorp warned the country that it would be flooded with cheap and inferior imports, that foreign thieves, ruffians, anarchists and Papists would bring disease, shame and idolatry upon the nation, that Hyde Park would become a ploughed field and the Serpentine a sewer, and so on. Some old fools went even further and said that the exhibition would set hay-stacks on fire, deprive cows of their milk, and cause grievous loss of life—under the impression of course that they were still inveighing against the railways.

When Joseph Paxton's plans for the Crystal Palace were made known the storm of protest grew wilder. The building would be a hothouse, an oven, a death-trap. Hailstones would break it down: a high wind would sweep it away. London's smoke and soot would make it as dark as a pit. Countless millions of flies* would inhabit the building and their frenzied buzzing against the windows would drown the music of the massed brass bands.

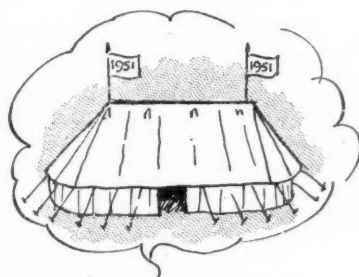
There will be no Crystal Palace this time, but *The Times* has already

* Sparrows really were a menace. They threatened to ruin the exhibits and bombard the hats of even the most distinguished visitors. Once again, according to the chronicles, the day was saved by the Duke of Wellington. "Try sparrow-hawks, ma'am," he told the Queen.

* Not forgetting the Glasgow Exhibition of 1938.

referred to the proposed "fabric structure of revolutionary design" as mere "tents." We may expect a forceful article or two in the ———, outlining the danger of Communist infiltration, a cry of "We Want Power-Stations" from myopic economists, and a last-ditch defence of the dispossessed householders of Tenison Street by the Society for the Prevention of Progress. Not just yet—but wait!

And while we are chatting about the Crystal Palace (as though there could be any other reason for this article!) it should be remembered that the name was devised and presented to the nation by this very magazine.* Mr. Christopher Hobhouse has called "the Crystal Palace" the finest "slogan" of all time—"It turned the dull industrial exhibition into a Cockney fairy-tale. The 'industrious poor' were no longer to be edified: for once in a while they were to be entertained." Naturally, every fibre will be strained to repeat



Paxton's dream

the performance in time for 1951. "The Canvas Palace," perhaps? No? Well, it's all right, there's still time.

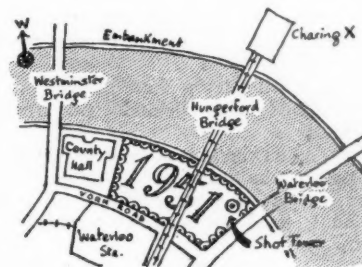
The main exhibition of the Festival is being planned roughly to the scale of the Great Exhibition. It will occupy twenty-seven acres compared with the twenty-one acres in Hyde

* By Douglas Jerrold. His friend Joseph Paxton was an adopted member of the *Punch* Table.

Park and the two hundred and twenty at Wembley. And there will be no real disappointment if it follows the Crystal Palace rather than Wembley in the matter of profits. The former cleared £180,000, more than enough to build the Victoria and Albert Museum, while the latter cost the Exchequer a decidedly cool one and a half millions. Whatever the financial outcome, London will get a fine new concert hall out of the scheme together with a length of granite-faced river wall and four and a half acres of land reclaimed from the Thames. How all this will compare with what London got in 1851 and 1924 (the Crystal Palace and Wembley Stadium) and Paris in 1878 and 1889 (the Trocadero Palace and the Eiffel Tower) remains to be seen. The concert hall is to be the only permanent building in the exhibition with the exception of that tall chimney-thing just to the right of Waterloo Bridge (as you look south) which now turns out to be a Shot Tower. Thousands of Londoners must already be feeling kindly towards the Festival merely because it has identified this structure authoritatively. Many bitter quarrels have started with trivial differences of opinion about that Shot Tower. There is no doubt about it now. It was erected one hundred and sixty years ago in the year of the French Revolution as a manufactory of shot for sporting guns, and is still in production. The little lethal globules are formed apparently when somebody drops molten lead some hundred and forty feet from the top of the tower to the floor. What rôle the Shot Tower will play in the exhibition is as yet undecided.

Comparisons between our probable 1951 and 1851 are possible though discouraging. Now, as then, the turn of the century finds people struggling to adapt their lives to a sudden jump in scientific progress. Then, it was the power of steam: now, it is atomic energy. Then, however, the future was greeted with stupendous optimism and the scientists and engineers were lords of creation: now, nobody would mind very much if all the atomic researchers in the world and their discoveries were dropped from the Shot Tower. In 1851 a great era of free trade was dawning and men spoke harshly of bureaucracy and State control: in 1951 . . . well, there's a General Election before then. But we need not feel too disheartened. Then, trains ran at the ridiculous speed of thirty miles an hour: now, they run at thirty miles an hour. Then, according to a tariff of the period, you could buy "a plate of meat" for sixpence, a quart of porter for sixpence, a quart

of ale for fivepence, and a bottle of champagne for five shillings; but a cup of tea or a glass of water cost sixpence and a pork-pie a shilling. So you see! There were shortages in 1851 just as there are to-day. The Crystal Palace



was built only a few years after the abolition of the excise duty on glass and consumed one-third of the country's annual output of windows. The 1951 exhibition will consume only a small fraction of our output of canvas and string.

The Great Exhibition did not quite reach the dizzy heights of the Prince Consort's idealism. It did not bring peace (we were at war with Russia three years later) or a sudden dramatic improvement in taste, education and morals. But it was great fun. We ask no more of the Festival of 1951. In fact we don't really want to survey our great past and our promising future too soberly. All we want is to let ourselves go in a nice clean newly-painted London.

HOD.

Sin

EVERYONE sins, but any other Sinner can blame an indifferent mother
Or being suppressed or going without dinner,
But I myself am a self-made sinner.

I never was hungry as a kid;
Anything I wanted to do I did
And nobody whispered in my presence
Or complicated my adolescence.

If only I had been pampered, cursed,
Or warned of ghosts; if only I nursed
A dark obsession and was trying to free it
I could blame all that: but as I see it

I am a sinner in the purest sense,
Original *par* excellence,
And I can't tell a lie or drink too much gin
But I think of my immaculate approach to sin.

House-Painting—The Scientific Approach

1. THE BLOWLAMP

(a) The paraffin blowlamp is an apparatus designed to burn paraffin, fingers, sash-cords, ladders and old birds'-nests.

(b) The blowlamp should never be ignited indoors, or within several feet of anything.

(c) The blowlamp should always be approached from behind and from windward.

(d) When the blowlamp is in a state of rest on the top of a step-ladder, the flame is at the same height above ground level as the average eyebrow.

(e) The flame of the blowlamp is strongly attracted by glass, the force of attraction being proportional to the temperature of the flame and the mass of the glass.

(f) The flame of the blowlamp will divide any given mass of glass into several unequal parts.

(g) The blowlamp is not compensated for altitude to allow continuous operation at the top of a ladder.

(h) A well-directed bucket of water will extinguish the average curtain.

2. THE LADDER

(a) The extending ladder is that which when produced fully in either direction still fails to meet.

(b) The ladder is composed of a large number of small splinters suspended between larger splinters in a state of unstable equilibrium.

(c) The angles between the base and the uprights of a ladder should at all times be equal.

(d) Any small movement near the base of a ladder is amplified at the top in proportion to the length of the ladder.

(e) The force of the earth's attraction upon all bodies is proportional to the distance carried up the ladder.

(f) The coefficient of friction of the base of the ladder is a variable.

(g) There are more methods of breaking windows than with a blowlamp.

(h) There is no such thing as an immovable object.

(i) To every action, the ladder has an equal and opposite reaction.

(j) The velocity and direction of a falling body can only be varied by a passing prominence.

(k) A trapezium is formed by a painter whose ladder has been prematurely and involuntarily withdrawn.

(l) Moments of inertia occur after a body has described the vertical side of the triangle instead of the hypotenuse.

3. PAINT

(a) Paint is that which is progressively thinned towards the end.

(b) Paint will form a series of stable compounds when added to organic matter such as hair, hide, horn-rimmed spectacles, etc.

(c) When two or more liquid paints are mixed together, chemical reactions ensue, throwing down undesired and heterogeneous precipitates.

(d) A smudge is the shortest way to join two given paints.

(e) The flow of paint along the handle of a brush is a constant factor.

4. MISCELLANEOUS

(a) Guttering is that which will only support sphagnum, sparrows, and special investigators.

(b) A newly-painted window is that which cannot be opened (closed): for if it could it would then open (close) more easily after painting than before: which is absurd.

(c) A steel wire scratch-brush is that which removes the pointing behind rainwater pipes.

(d) An employed painter is he who has both position and size.

(e) A paint-brush is a device for simultaneous collection of both higher and lower oxides of iron.

(f) A paint sprayer is that which inspired operation Fido.

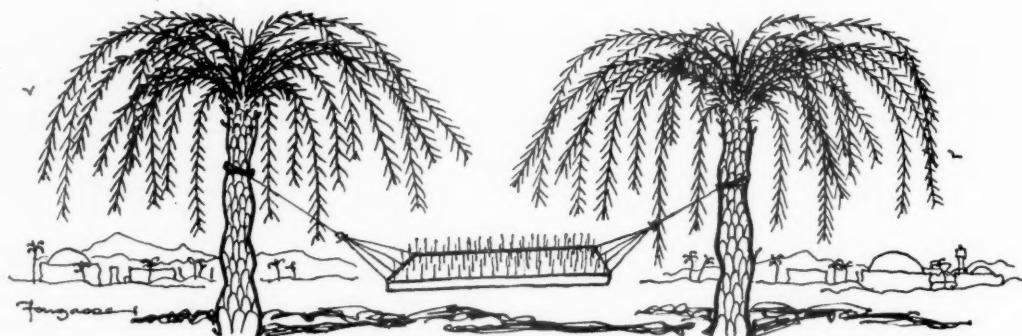
(g) Duck-boards are a means to an end.

o o

Crowning Glory

BETWEEN the Ritz and Berkeley Square

I met a crone with purple hair.
She must have had the bluest rinse
That ever was before or since—
A rinse as blue as tropic seas,
As blue as Frenchmen's dungarees.
No brassy blonde, no Titian red
Outshone that matriarchal head,
On which the shadows lay as mauve
As lavender or lilac-grove,
On which the sunbeams harshly kissed
Each lacquered wave with amethyst.
I doubt if rinse could be so blue—
She must have had a blue shampoo.
Between Hay Hill and Piccadilly
I met a crone. She did look silly.



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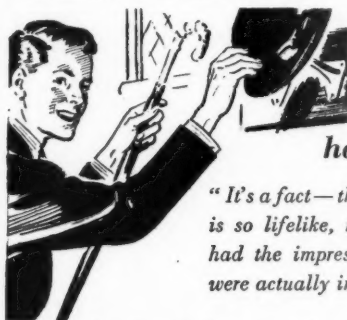
The fable of the well-dressed man

A Visitor from another land once exclaimed in admiration at the spartan way of life he found in a certain isle. 'Ah!' he cried, 'I fear you must despise the superior elegance of my attire!' His hosts discreetly forbore to point out that his suit had come from their own best tailors, his sword from their own armourers, his hat and boots from their native hatters and cordwainers. They wisely preferred things that way round.

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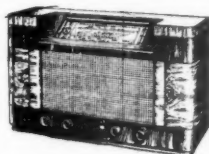
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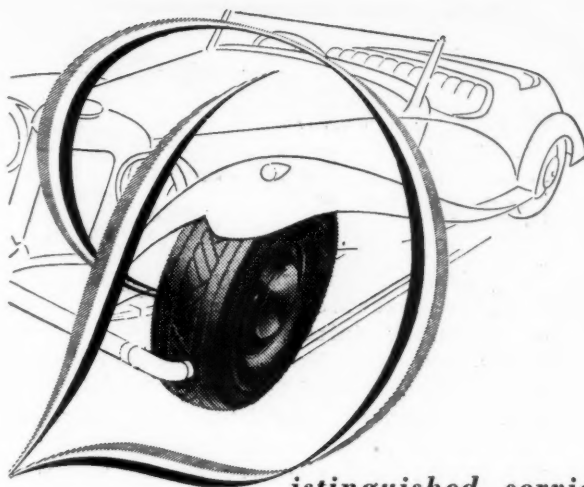
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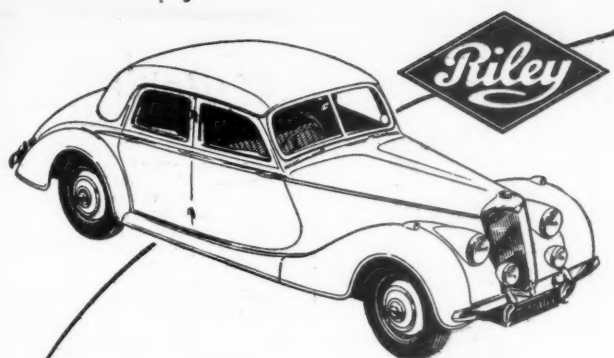
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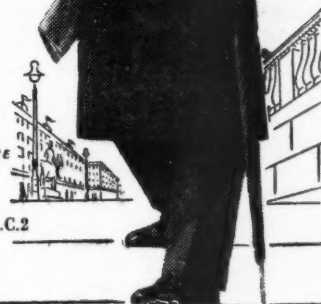
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AND BRANCHES

Ex-Sapper's wife says—

**ONE war
is enough
for us!**



We'd say one war is one too many! . . . but until we can persuade the rest of the world to agree it's no good counting on everlasting peace.

I expect you're right—but Bill's done his bit. What more do you want?

A little of Bill's spare time . . . if you can spare him.

Why? And what for?

As you said, he's done his bit . . . and in doing it he gained experience which could be worth its weight in gold to the country now. We need him, & thousands of other chaps with war service to their credit to take the lead in Britain's new Territorial Army.

But the papers say the younger men—the National Service men, are going to do 6 years in the Territorials after their demob. What about them?

They're a fine crowd—and they'll have had useful preliminary training—but not first hand experience like Bill. They'll be

all the better for having seasoned men among them—men they can look to for a lead—in other words, men like Bill. Bill's a leader alright . . . but home comes first with him . . . and me.

That's just it . . . we who believe in freedom have got to be ready to preserve it . . . to defend our homes and our right to enjoy them in peace. Surely that's worth a little spare time NOW?

How much spare time?

An average of less than two hours a week in a whole year plus a few days in camp. Talk it over with Bill. The C.O. of his local unit will sort out all his questions for him.

As far as I'm concerned, Bill knows best. If we need a Territorial Army and the Territorial Army needs him and men like him . . . well, they've never let us down yet, have they?

Spare time for Britain in the
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TAKE THE LEAD—join your Local Unit NOW

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WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD., ACTON, LONDON, W.4.

Manufactured entirely in London, England.

**Barling
PIPE CRAFT**

You can always depend on the quality of Barling Pipe Craft. For 135 years Barling Pipes have been noted for their supreme excellence—the perfect pipe in every way. Take care of your Barling Pipe. When available the very limited supplies are sent to Barling Agents.

Manufactured by
B. BARLING & SONS (Est. in London 1812)
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

When this
is on the
window



YOU CAN BE
SURE OF
SUPERIOR
SERVICE

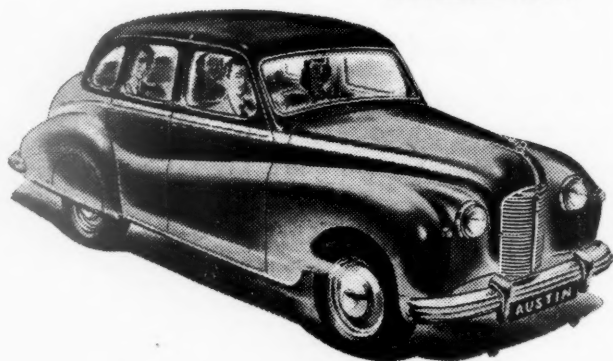
The Best of all Bicycles

**Royal
Enfield**

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO., LTD., REDDITCH

See it at the Motor Show

STAND 144



NEW TODAY—FAMOUS TOMORROW—the new Austin A70 'Hampshire' saloon. Knowledgeable motorists have greeted it with enthusiasm. See also that other brilliant newcomer, the Austin A90 'Atlantic' Convertible. These cars are part of a noble family of Austins that will make Stand 144 at Earls Court almost a Motor Show in itself.

AUSTIN—you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO LTD • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



Before the meal — a Sandeman Sherry, slightly chilled. Afterwards — a glass of one of Sandeman's incomparable Ports. This is the traditional tribute from host to guest and to fine food.


SANDEMAN
PORT & SHERRY





As soon as g (for gravity) looks like making anything weightier, clumsier or bigger than it need be, along comes h (for Hiduminium) to put the matter right. The Hiduminium series of light alloys has lifted many a load from the minds of designers and manufacturers who wanted to cut down weight without sacrificing strength and who preferred to deal with a material which was easy to work and pleasant to look at. There are still plenty of opportunities for people who care to

**HIGH
DUTY
ALLOYS**

... make light work of  with

HIGH DUTY ALLOYS LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS, INGOTS, BILLETS, FORGINGS, CASTINGS AND EXTRUSIONS IN 'HIDUMINIUM' AND 'MAGNUMINIUM' ALUMINIUM AND MAGNESIUM ALLOYS (Regd. trade marks)

colds?

**START TAKING SEROCALCIN
NOW**

Many people, who habitually suffered from colds in winter, have found that a course of Seroalcin enables them to go through the difficult months without catching cold. Seroalcin does not succeed in every case, but its record makes it worthy of a trial by everybody subject to colds.

Prevention of colds

Two Seroalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up the attack in 3 or 4 days.

When a cold is firmly established, quick results cannot be expected but Seroalcin is very effective in shortening the duration of stubborn colds. Seroalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Seroalcin is available in two sizes: The immunising course of 60 tablets costs 7/6 plus 1/9 Purchase Tax. The treatment pack of 20 tablets costs 3/- plus 9d. Purchase Tax.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN

FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS



Health and pleasure come together when you gargle with fragrant 'Dettolin'. You exchange that touch of morning catarrh for fresh, cool comfort. You start the day with a clear throat, and a mouth refreshed and clean. You take a pleasant anti-septic precaution and you feel better for it.

The morning gargle is a pleasure with

DETTOLIN
antiseptic **GARGLE**



Home-

the word that stands for so much: affection, comfort, independence, security. It is security which enables the home, and all it stands for, to be maintained against the misfortunes common to all.

By means of a
PRUDENTIAL 'HERITAGE ENDOWMENT' POLICY
a man can make available

**FOR HIS FAMILY—£200 Cash at death together with
SHOULD HE DIE WITHIN 20 YEARS bonuses.**

£6 a week for the remainder of the 20 years, and £1,800 Cash at the end of 20 years from the date of the policy.

FOR HIMSELF — If he lives 20 years, £2,000 with bonuses added.

**TO THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.
Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1**

I desire full particulars of your 'Heritage Endowment' Policy

Complete
this coupon

Name.....

Address.....

Date of Birth.....

P. 27/10/48

P.P. 547

Why "Wiltshire" bacon?



Once upon a time a Master Harris of Devizes took to himself a butcher's shop in Calne in Wiltshire.

Now along that road there passed great droves of pigs going to Smithfield. Our good butcher bethought him that he would buy some of these pigs and apply to them his own method of curing.

Thus the Wiltshire cure was originated. Now there stands in Calne one of the greatest Bacon factories in the world.

Why cannot we have more?

Because we do not have the pigs. Yet our own pigs are the cheapest and quickest to grow, and do not use up dollars. Press all whom you know that food should be found for our own pigs. Here indeed is a matter of 'home security'—in both health and rations.

HARRIS

FAMOUS FOR BACON SINCE 1770

The IMPORTER and his Banker

The IMPORTER is to-day confronted with many difficulties and must rely more than ever on his BANKER.

BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO. LIMITED maintain a specialised banking service for the IMPORTER, based on long experience, a progressive outlook and accumulated knowledge, which is readily available to their customers.



HEAD OFFICE:
Founders Court, Lothbury, E.C.2.
Telephone: MONarch 9833
(11 lines).

FOUNDED
1810

WEST END OFFICE:
123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.
Telephone: WHItchall 7721.

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The Craftsmanship
of over half a
century is expressed
in Bronnley soap

Bronnley

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Nothing seems
impossible when
your energy
springs from

TUROG

BROWN BREAD

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A
Notable Name
in the History of
CHOCOLATE

NEEDLER'S LTD., HULL
Established 1886

(BY FAR THE BEST)

RONUK

SANITARY POLISHES

Pick up

with the

Ewbank

CARPET SWEEPER

Although supplies are still limited, you'll be thankful you waited for a Ewbank!

REPAIRS: Your old Ewbank can be re-conditioned—Ask your Retailer.



ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing
plus Retex

proudly
present

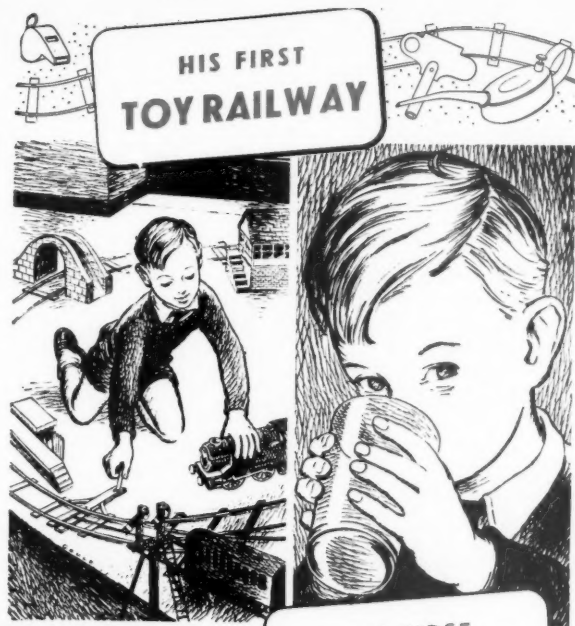
DEEBOLD

The amazing scientific
DE-SHINE process

ask for leaflet
at your local
branch or Agent

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES





HIS FIRST
TOY RAILWAY

HIS FIRST
KIA-ORA

What a wonderful day! A train that runs on real rails all by itself. And then, by the same grown-up magic, Mother produces a marvellous fruit drink—Kia-Ora. Yes! Kia-Ora is delicious and Mother knows it's so good for growing youngsters, too. She never forgets to ask the grocer for a weekly supply.

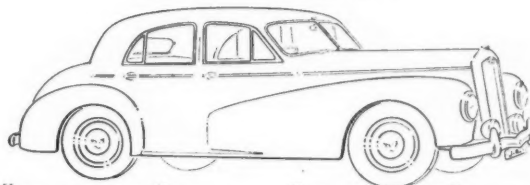
★ Now only 3/- per bottle.

KIA-ORA MEANS GOOD HEALTH



Exceptional power to weight ratio • All seats within the wheel base • Independent front wheel suspension • Finger-tip gear-change on steering column • Newly designed overhead camshaft engines • Control-aire draughtless ventilation • Wide leather seats deeply cushioned in Dunlopillo • Recessed flush-fitting door handles.

Gracefully Modern—Distinctly
WOLSELEY



"Six Eighty" 6 CYLINDER "Four Fifty" 4 CYLINDER



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM 8
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



HOME, THIRD OR LIGHT



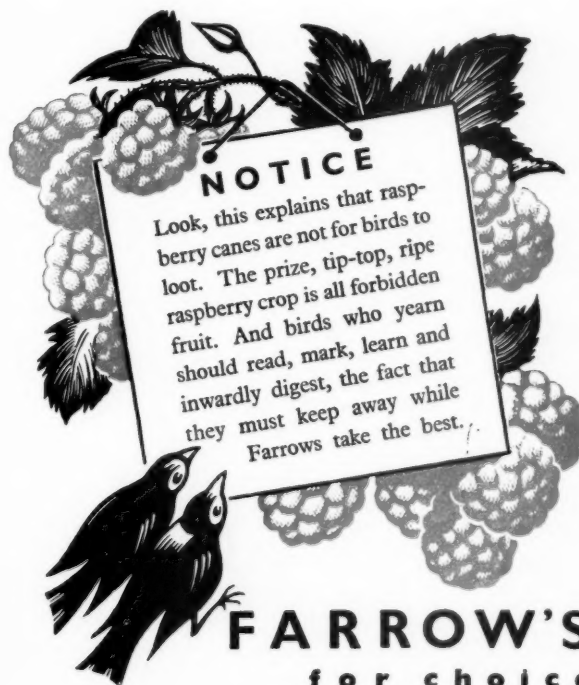
—THEY ALL UNITE

IN PRAISE OF

"Standard"

FIREWORKS

MADE IN HUDDERSFIELD AND SOLD IN THE BEST SHOPS EVERYWHERE



NOTICE

Look, this explains that raspberry canes are not for birds to loot. The prize, tip-top, ripe raspberry crop is all forbidden fruit. And birds who yearn should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, the fact that they must keep away while Farrows take the best.

FARROW'S
for choice

English canned Fruits and Vegetables, Salad Cream, Sauces, Tomato Ketchup and other good things from Orchard and Garden.

How right they are!

Weston's

Chocolate

Table Fingers



Exactly the right kind of
velvety chocolate to cover
exactly the right kind
of crispy biscuit! There's
perfect agreement between
the two in Weston's Chocolate Table Fingers—
and you get 20 or more in a quarter-pound
(though supplies are still limited, alas !)

Weston's

BISCUITS

A word to expectant Mothers



As you know the right kind of food makes all the difference to your health and well-being when you are expecting a baby. Here are three simple rules that help you to look forward to a happy, healthy waiting time.

1. Make a point of eating all your own rations. Don't "sacrifice" any to other members of the family.
2. Eat plenty of salads, lightly cooked greens, and other vegetables.
3. Above all, take all your extra allowances of foods and vitamin supplements, right from the time you know Baby is on the way.

These are :

ORANGE JUICE : ALSO

COD LIVER OIL OR VITAMIN A & D TABLETS

You should take these vitamin-rich foods every day without fail. They help to keep you fit, build resistance to infection, and help Baby to develop the foundations of good health, sturdy bones and fine teeth.

MILK. In addition to your ordinary allowance, you are entitled to an extra pint of milk a day, at 1½d. a pint or where little money is coming into the home, it may be available free.

Milk is the finest "all-round" food, rich in material to build Baby's sturdy body and in growth-promoting vitamins.

EGGS. You are entitled to an extra shell egg on each allocation and one packet of dried egg free of points in each 8-week period. Eggs are another food rich in

body-building nourishment and protective vitamins.

MEAT. A half-ration of meat a week in addition to your ordinary ration adds to the body-building food you need at this time.

FRUIT. You get an extra allocation on every ordinary allocation of Oranges. Take advantage of this health-giving and pleasant addition, but don't leave off your Orange Juice. Your supplementary book also entitles you to ½ lb. bananas on each allocation.

How to get YOUR EXTRAS

Get a certificate from your doctor, midwife or health visitor. Take it to the Food Office, and you will receive a supplementary Grey Ration Book (RB7). Use this book to get your extra milk, meat, eggs and fruit from your usual retailers. It also contains coupons for your

Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil or Vitamin Tablets, which you get from a distribution centre—your Food Office will tell you your nearest one. The Cod Liver Oil or Vitamin Tablets are free, the Orange Juice is 5d. a bottle (but free for those entitled to free milk).

When Baby is Born

The Grey Ration Book must now be handed back to the Food Office, but you will get a Green Ration Book which entitles Baby to a priority allowance of milk, the full

range of rations (other than tea) and Orange Juice and Cod Liver Oil, and you will be able to get Vitamin A and D Tablets for yourself for 30 weeks after Baby is born.

ASK YOUR FOOD OFFICE about anything else you want to know. Don't hesitate — the staff is there to help you !



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.203)